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MOTHER OF GLORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COATES KINNEY.

We weary waiting for these glimmerings,
That struggle singly through the difficult rifts
Of aspiration, winking us with mock:
Oh, for some breezy circumstance, at once,
To take the cloud off from our starry thoughts,
And let their glory constellate the dark!
Alas! the mind's pure gold lies particled
Deep in the still of muddy generations;
And he mole long, who gathers ore enough
To coin himself the costly prize of fame.
Under this delaying degeneracy,
The spirit's brightest outgrowths are of pain,
As precious pearls are of disease in shells
At the bottom of the seas.

The miner delves,
The diver dives: rich ore and sparkling pearls
Put such a splendor on their ugly toil,
As dazzles out the memory of their past,
And thenceforth blazons them as disdained
From on high. Thus is won renown. The slow,
Still process of the rain, distilling down
The great awoat of the sea, is never seen
In the consummate spectacle dashed forth
A seven-hued arch upon the cloud of heaven:
So nevertheless the world those energies,
Strong effort and long patience, which have stirred
In low obscurity, and slowly heaved
Its darkness up, till sudden glory springs
Forth from it, arching like a perfect rainbow.
Think ye the lofty foreheads of the world,
That beam like full moons through the night of time,
Holding their calm, big splendor steadily
Forever as the sop of history—
Think ye they rushed up with the suddenness
Of rockets sportively shot into heaven,
And fixed to their immortal places there?

The vulger years through which ambition gropes,
Reaching and feeling for his destiny,
Are only years of chaos, hills I not
On the eternal rocks, but covered deep
Below the stratified history of a world.

Celebrity by some great accident,
Some single opportunity, is like
Aladdin's palace in the wizard tale,
Vanished when envy steals the charm away.
But Thought up pyramids itself to fame
By husbandry of opportunities,
Grade after grade constructing to that height
Which, seen above the far horizon, seems
To peak among the stars.

Go mummify
Thy name within that architectural pile
Which others' intellect has builded; none—
For all the hieroglyphs of glory—none
Save but the builder's name, shall sound along
The everlasting seas. Heart and brain
Of thine must resolutely yoke themselves
To slow-paced years of toil, else all the trump
Of hero-heraldry that ever twanged,
Gathered in one mad blare above the grave,
Shall not avail to resurrect thy name
To the salvation of remembrance then
When once the letters of it have slunk back
Into the alphabet from off thy tomb.
Ay, thou must think, think! Marble frets and cram
bles
Back into undistinguishable dust
At last, and epitaphs grooved into brass,
Yield piecemeal to the hungry elements;
But truths that drop plumb to the depths of time,
Anchor the name forever:—thou must think
Such truths, and speak, or write, or set them forth—
Thyself must do this—or the centuries
Shall take thee, as the maelstrom gulps a wreck,
To the dread bottom of oblivion.

Think!
A bibulous memory sponging up the thoughts
Of dead men, is not thought; it holds no sway
Where genius is: not freighted argosies,
But thunder-threated guns of battle ships
Command the high seas. Destiny is not
About thee, but within; thyself must make
Thyself: the agonizing throes of Thought,
These bring forth Glory, bring forth Destiny.

Pictures of Life.

NO AND YES.

A LEAP YEAR'S STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

She had been playing for me an intricate but powerfully conceived old symphony; and I arose, all trembling with the massive cadences and interwoven chords and sounds that had resounded through my soul; and as the vibrations of the heavy instrument died away, I stood before her with a half smile and a formal reverence, to lead her to a seat. Taking both hands, I did so; and as once before, I sat down near her, within a deeply cushioned recess, where only a remainder of the lamplight flowed in.

We said nothing for a time. The power of grand music must flow away; its tremulous, dim agitations and sad, intangible strength must die into silence within the chambers of the immediate memory, before the hearer can speak; and then it must be softly and kindly, and of the Lovely or the Beautiful, or else the voice grates upon the inner stillness that follows the resting of the sound-waves.

I sat very near Louise; and—for this first time—although our hands did not touch, the weight of my own hand rested unnoticed, or unrepelled, upon her. And I gazed steadily at her, although she, not avoidingly but absorbedly, looked forth through the dim light of the large rich room. And as I sat there, in that heavy silence, I saw that which first availed towards causing me to break so many promises made to myself.

Slowly, as I looked, I saw a faint, rosy flush arising, that deepened into a rich glow, upon the perfect cheek of Louise, the Queen. And likewise, and imperceptibly, except to such regardful observance as I was using, the ebbing and flowing of her breath a very little enlarged their recurring waves, and fell into a marked and regular series, like the first breathings of light, sweet sleep. And her eyes looked not forward, but downward upon the floor.

"Louise, I desire to ask you a question in practical psychology. May I?"

She looked upon me with a smile, and answered "Yes."

"Tell me, Louise; is there a sphere about me, within which you perceive a physical influence from my presence to flow forth to you; and do you, by any such silent influence, without words, consciously recognize my nearness to you, either as pleasant or painful?"

She lifted my hand away from her, with a half frightened glance, and, as it were, instinctively, withdrew herself somewhat from me, and replied, yet not meeting my gaze,

"What a strange inquiry! How could you——Indeed I will not tell you!"

I was not wise enough to read aright the glance, the action, the words. I thought ——, I will not say what; I was deceived, yet not altogether. But I could not refrain from the explanation which ended so quickly in so much shame, and wild confusion, and wrath to me.

Her answer, I told her, was clear, in spite of her strange refusal of an answer. She *knew* that in some sense we had been living as one perfect being, in the silent, happy perception of the pleasure even of mere presence; of the inter-acting radiations of hidden influence of which I had questioned her. And I solemnly adjured her to answer whether it was not so, between us, as I had said; and I besought her not to refuse me that love which had consciously so awakened and unfolded my life and her own, which must be (as with hurrying ardor I asserted) a correspondent and like necessity to the truth and wholeness and joy of our future lives.

So I urged her. Yet it was with almost immediate reaction of sudden hopelessness; for I saw grief and reluctance in her face. Yet I spoke further, not being able to bear the words which, with bitter pain, I saw were waiting utterance. A sudden revulsion of angry mortification, at last, stopped me.

"Oh, Adam," she said, hurriedly, and with sad determination, "I had no idea that you were thinking so of me. Do not speak to me of love! I was so much enjoying your society ——. But I cannot endure to have you speak of that! How could I have suspected it?"

In spite of the bodings my heart had supplied, the absolute, distinct enunciation of this interdict fell very heavily upon me for a moment, and I was silent. Then a blinding anger blazed out within me, for suddenly I thought I saw an insufferable reason for the conduct which had drawn me to this avowal.

"Suspected it! But let me not speak unworthily of you. You dare not deny ——. Well; I will add yet in a few words, that you may understand my thoughts, and I will leave you. Undoubtedly I am poor, a man of labor, of drudgery, if you will. But no devil, even, would trust that I sought you to escape that! I am safe, so far as my motives are concerned. But was it nothing that you felt—for you *did* feel, Louise—that my very presence was a power and a sweetness to you, even as yours to me? Should you have permitted me to be so near you? Was it strange that I should believe such welcome indications as those sweet unspoken consciousnesses of yours? Was it strange that I should eagerly grasp after the crown and completion of my life, when it was in appearance even held forth to me? How frightful, to make such a use of me as that! Or am I to suppose that it is money, or position; or for God's sake give me a true and sufficient reason for treating me so, and do not force me to see black shadows of wrong-doing upon the one soul that I have found both white and beautiful!"

She wept as she replied, "I am to blame, I did wrong. But truly, Adam, I did not see your thoughts. You must not misunderstand me when I say that my own delight with you prevented my thoughts from going further. You know that I could not honorably do as you wish. It was my security that blinded me. I did not dream of your seeking me. And you have never whispered such a thing before. But I ought not to have permitted it. Oh! how sad!"

"Seeing that I leave you," I said, "forgive me for thinking evil of you, even for a moment. And, I do not ask profanely, you will not refuse me one single kiss, where I had dreamed of so many?"

There was no answer; but neither the kiss nor the caress was resisted nor unreturned in which I made farewell to the only woman I ever cared to love. And I departed.

Not long afterward, I discovered that Louise's present engagement was contracted even almost in her girlhood. Was it my wish only that caused me to believe that the promise was kept only from regard to the obligation? I resumed my work and my study, with the old dead-lifting doggedness, losing the bright alacrity with which the pleasure of her companionship had inspired me, and dropping some pursuits commenced to please her.

For many days, in the end of the summer, I had been exulting in lonely manhood, in strength and skill, in the goodly company of the gray ocean, the air, and the white sun. Alone, in one of those half-whale-boat-like, and astonishingly staunch and sea-worthy little crafts, known thereabouts as "Block Island boats," I had coursed, day after day, up and down the "barren fields of Ocean," restlessly, aimlessly voyaging over and athwart a foggy, rough, and dangerous tract of sea, which I may perhaps describe as a vast circle, upon whose northern periphery Montauk, Block Island, and Nantucket, are three points.

I had been across to Newport; and having transacted certain business there, was very leisurely sliding out from the harbor on my return to the island, with a fair though rather strong and unsteady north-west breeze. Looking out to windward, as a sailor should, and as I was specially reminded to do by the increasing sharpness of the occasional flaws that caught my crank boat, I espied heavy clouds in the north-west, and as they rose and silently deployed upon the vast fields of air, I soon detected in the blasts that whistled through my simple rigging, that sad, sighing cry which tells of the united coming of the elemental allies, Rain and Wind. The Voice of the Rain borne upon the Wind. Now it has always been an especial fancy of mine, being a reckless and self-reliant boatman, to drive defyingly straight into the bosom of any coming storm, as long as the sweeping of its wings may be endured; and only then to turn and flee onward before it, without furling or reefing. Thus I do not only beard the Spirit of the Storm, and that even in his airy den, but I compel into my human barrier his wild, reluctant powers, first to invade his own dominion and citadel, and then jeeringly to run away from him.

So putting the helm down, and turning the little boat's sharp prow towards Stonington, I hauled aft sheet, and was off again, close on the wind, being at the time pretty well outside of Newport. Exchanging her long, swaying, sliding movement for a banging and jumping one, the boat suddenly translated me, as it were, from a seat in a swing to the back of a hard-trotting horse. Tilting sharply up and down over the rising swell, careening low and lower to the rising wind, she drove with a swash! swash! through the endless array of opposing waves, dashing them hither and thither with regardless, headlong blows, that seemed like live defiance, and that somehow or other recalled to my mind the heavy mail and strong war-horse, and fierce and hardy pride of the old feudal retainer in the presence of the great, half-armed Highland host:

"If they has twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they has but their Tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks see rade,
As through the moorland fern;
Then ne'er let gentle Norman blade
Grow mauld for Highland kerne."

Thus I worked gradually up some distance toward the main land of Rhode Island, the excitement of the occasion momentarily intensifying with the wilder leaping of the light boat, the rising voices of the wind, and the darkening of the murky sky. As I "went about" once more, and headed a little to the east of north, intending to run pretty well in with the land, and then to bear away before it for Block Island, I espied several persons standing upon a large rock, just beyond the very extremity of a long, low, desolate ragged point nearly a mile further to the westward, among whom were women. There appeared to be some excitement. I could see white handkerchiefs streaming in the air; but not supposing them to be intended as signals to me, or to any one in particular, I was about to make fast the sheet, when a scream came distinctly down the wind to my ears; and I now also observed, some distance outside of the station occupied by the party, a boat, whose white sails just then flapped smartly in the wind, then suddenly filled, and almost capsized it, and flapped again. Evidently there was trouble, and forthwith I answered their signal, tacked, and bore down towards them. My first intention was to take one or more of them on board, and then catch their drifting boat, which was working helplessly and rapidly to sea, with the gale and the ebb. But the eager manner in which, as I approached, they pointed to her, instructed me that some one, a woman probably, was adrift in her; and as the risk of capsizing and drowning was momentarily imminent, I put my helm up, slacked off the sheet, and ran off before the wind in chase of the runaway. As the great sail swung out to the extent of the lengthened sheet, and the mast bent over with the careening of the boat, as if to make a polite bow before setting off in this new direction, the van of the rain was upon me; a furious spurt of heavy drops that swept roaring down over the darkening coast, driven by a wild storm-blast under whose powerful shock my tough mast buckled and crashed, and the boat was as it were half lifted out of her roaring furrow of foamy green water.

It was now some hours from the time when I had discerned the dark clouds, like the advanced skirmishers of an army on march, peering over the horizon. The double darkness of coming night and of the rising tempest was therefore fast thickening over land and sea; and my present object was therefore to be attained not only with a boat small in size, and from its build and rig both difficult and delicate of management, but upon a wild and stormy sea, in the early darkness of a black and tempestuous night, and more than all, within the tremendous headlong sweep of that savage blast which commonly brings down upon its roaring wings the first of the rain, in the fierce north-westers of New England.

In a few minutes, I drove past the drifting sail-boat. In the dimness of the evening, as I shot by to leeward, I could just see the fluttering garments of a female form, apparently clinging to the gunwale next me. I shouted—"Other side!"—and went about on the starboard tack, not without a narrow escape from swamping under a tremendous sea which broke partly over me, just as my mainsail was shaking; and luffing as close as possible, I ranged up to windward of the wreck. Coming as near as was safe, I hailed again—"All ready?"—and being now within a few feet of the drifting boat, I tacked once more, and letting the sail shake for a moment, snatched a boat hook, and turning half round, caught the gunwale of the other, drew my van back to it, seized the helpless creature, who had crossed to the other side, as I had ordered, and drew her within my arms all in a moment, so that she was safe, just as my boat fell off, and the mainsail filling, she drove away again, with a great wild leap. Another moment and I should have been too late. The deserted sailboat, caught by a gust of wind, as she slanted over upon the slope of a wave, was knocked flat, as if by a giant hand, and I saw her no more.

The lady lay in a faint or a dream or prayer upon my knee. Now for the first time I looked upon her face. It was Louise. Opening her eyes, there was yet light enough left for her to recognize me. The terror of her situation had, I think, temporarily unbalanced her mind. For, suddenly raising herself, she clung tightly about my neck, with tears and choking sobs and many kisses; saying words of inexpressible tenderness; and she even fondled me, and then laughed—her old mellow, silvery, heartfelt laugh. What a terrible sound from her lips, so uttered! The sweet, quiet laugh, the kisses, the caresses, the trembling, nestling form, clinging so closely to me, the loving words. All that I cared for in the world, demonstrated to be in my possession, for what else could it mean but that she was mine? yet so as that I must see the demonstration an empty dream!

All these things were crowded into a few seconds; for it may well be imagined that now, while the storm momently increased, and when to the sharp, heavy volleys of the driving rain, and the higher and higher shrieks and moans, and mad plunging gusts of the wind, the power of the thick, black brooding night came silently down above the dancing billows, and completed the quaternion of my elemental foes, I had but short space for dalliance, or for either joy or sorrow. Two lives were in my hand; to be saved only through imminent peril; if at all, by the victory of my single slender strength and skill over the terrible alliance of those four mad forces. Within a couple of minutes after I had Louise Le Roy over the quarter of the deserted boat, I had determined to lie to all night until the morning; at least unless the wind and the sea should moderate. For, although a Block Island boat will far outlive any craft of its size, yet there are some things that no small boat can do; and I well knew the imminent peril of swamping, capsizing or running under which would be incurred by attempting to get away before the wind for Block Island; since no foresight nor stanchness can avert the leaping sudden stroke of the wild wind-daw, or the cruel, hungry jaws of the crested, combing billow. Neither did I know the coast well enough to warrant me in trying to make the land in that darkness; and should I touch rock bound coast, or reef or islet, only the corpses of us two and the bones of the boat would remain to tell the story. So, keeping the boat's head almost directly towards the wind, and balancing her with incessant use of sail and helm, I sat still. I feared nothing for myself from exposure; my hardy habits and heavy water-dress being a sufficient protection; and as for Louise, I could only absolutely conclude that this hardship was the least possible risk. So I advised her to put on a seaman's overcoat which I had, and would have removed her from my knee to get it. But she resisted me; and again nestling and clinging close to my bosom, she kissed me and caressed me, and wept and spoke again in such loving words as I may not repeat. And stroking my cheek, again suddenly she laughed. I begged and argued in vain. She shook her head, and would not move. Her weight, too, began to fatigue me; and she impeded me seriously in the management of the boat, both by occupying one arm, and by overloading the little craft with a disproportionate after burthen. I could not let go the tiller or slacken my attention for an instant without imminent peril; and with one hand I strove in vain to put her away. The emergency forced me. I must frighten her away from her resting-place. So, harshly and loudly, and with a cold and angry face I said,

"Louise, you foolish girl, you'll kill me. Get up! Sit down there!"

And I pointed to the proper place.

Oh, what frightened sadness was that with which she looked at me for a moment! And how near was I to the utter folly of relaxing in my deceit and of bidding her stay? But with a sharp effort, I hardened my countenance against her, and yet again I spoke harshly and angrily to my love; and with a pettence of brutish rudeness I even violently pushed her away from me.

Slowly, without speaking, and by difficult efforts, she climbed along the tossing boat to her place; wrapped herself in the heavy coat, and cowered silently down, to me only appearing as a dim, dusky mass. And for half an hour, no word spoken, we remained in that howling thick darkness; a vast impenetrable curtain, under whose dreadful concealment the wild sea and the wilder wind, savage sporting giants, tossed us from one to the other until we should die. There was neither sky, star nor earth, and no ocean, except the wallowing monsters that one by one leaped up under the frail keel, grinned white and savagely, and in disappointed rage rushed into the darkness astern.

—Is that a star? Instantaneously the forgotten truth flashed upon me, that we were in the direct track of vessels bound up and down the Sound.

"Look out!" I shouted, in instinctive but useless warning. At my wild call Louise looked up and looked around. A vast black mass rose up out of the darkness, towered above us for an instant; there was a shock; the frail boat was crushed, driven under, overridden. I heard Louise scream; as we went down she sprang to me. I heard her say, "With you, darling!" I received a heavy blow.

Sharp pain, first; in head, shoulders, and one arm; then dull lethargic disinclination even to know if I were alive. Then, as I awoke, or recovered a little, there was light. A voice close by said,

"Darned tight pull, I tell ye! wife, I guess. Couldn't scurcely git 'em apart."

Yankee, for a thousand! Another like voice answered,

"His arm's broke, ain't it?"

"Wal, do' no. Seems to me it does lie rather orkerd."

He moved it; I groaned.

"Guess 'tis."

I began to muster a little life, and opened my eyes. A ship's cabin. Two mariners.

"Wal, cap'n," said the one who had spoken first. "Here y'ar. How are ye now?"

"Where's the lady?"

"Missis Buffum's a takin care on her."

Inquiring further I learned that we were, and for some short time had been, aboard the New London whaling barque Israel Putnam, Jeroboam Buffum, master, outward bound. They had by a mere chance heard our cries, and adventurously launching a whale-boat—no other would have lived—succeeded in picking us up, floating together senseless, entangled with some cordage and a couple of oars. Under the circumstances I prevailed upon Captain Buffum, for a consideration, to put us ashore at Newport, where I remained quietly until the partial recovery of my broken arm, and whence Louise, who, in a day or two was somewhat restored, then departed with her friends after having come once to see me. The interview was short, for at the time I was in some danger from an access of fever, and all excitement was forbidden; nor could I, through the somewhat sad and constrained demeanor with which she expressed deep gratitude for my agency in saving her life, and requested me to visit her when I should return to the city, read anything explanatory of her strange conduct on board the Block Island boat, or even referring to it.

I was consequently unwillingly forced to remain in the belief that that singular behavior must have been merely the effect of undistinguishing terror, amounting even to insanity. And especially, I remembered that she had not named my name; so that I could not but see that she might have imagined herself speaking to her betrothed bridegroom.

Of this same bridegroom I heard but a poor report, a little afterwards. He was one of the party perched on the rock; the only gentleman, indeed, of the number—unless for a younger brother or two, of boyish years. And it appeared that when his beautiful mistress, who had remained alone abroad, when, for some fanciful purpose or other, the rest had landed upon the rock, and who had been sitting on the further side of the hoisted sail, perceived, before the chattering group were aware of it, that she was embarked alone on the stormy sound, and in feminine terror, screamed for help, from a distance of only two or three rods—it was said that he had indeed plunged valiantly into the salt flood as if to wade or swim to her help; but that a mouthful of ocean and a wet skin so effectually discouraged him, not to mention the wild tossing water, that he quickly scrambled back in disconsolate plight, and for the rest only screamed and shook handkerchief to me with the others; with whom also he had escaped by going ashore—only a few yards—walking a mile or two in the beach-sand, and hiring a conveyance to Newport.

A strong and bold swimmer could certainly have reached her, yet perhaps Mr. Van Due should be accounted unfortunate only, and not faulty for proving deficient in muscle and nerve at such a pinch. Parlors, and counters, and offices, are ill preparation for a grapple with a storm or an ocean.

I had returned to the city; was busy again at my accustomed employments. I heard more than once of the approaching marriage of Van Due to Miss Le Roy. It may therefore easily be imagined that I was in no haste to see her, notwithstanding her invitation. Why should I be thanked for doing what I should have been a coward not to do; or listen to gratitude which should never be proved in the only way of which I would even dream? So I endeavored stoutly to cover up my memory with work and with study.

I however met Louise one morning in Broadway. She fairly stopped me as I was about to pass with a hurried bow, reproached me for avoiding her, smiled at my awkward excuses, and at last, insisted that I should visit her that very evening; which, as I had really no reason to give for refusing, I promised to do, although already even at the sight of her, all the former painful, half-repressed longings began again to stir within me. Yet the ceremony would not be long, not repeated; so I went, intending to endure a half hour of formal and unpleasant conversation.

Louise had never looked so splendidly, as when she rose up—she had been sitting, alone, in the very place where I had kissed her and left her alone—and advanced through the large rich room to meet me. She wore pearls in her dark hair; a braided crown of her own dark hair, and interwoven pearls; and her dress was dark and rich. But it was something of glowing, spiritual life shining through her features, something which I saw, but did not understand, that gave her that startling and lofty beauty. She moved lightly, though more royally than ever; seemingly almost without the propulsion of stepping, as did the Grecian divinities. She was, I thought, lifted and inspired by virtue of some unusually keen consciousness of her gloriously full and vivid vitality; or, by some other high excitement unknown. Her eyes were bright, and there was a bright flush upon her cheeks, as she greeted me most warmly, most heartily; and seizing both my hands, as I remembered to have taken both of hers in leading her from the music-stool, held me fast; led me back across the room, sat down where she had been sitting before, and motioned me to the seat beside her—the seat where I also had sat before. She could not surely have done it of set purpose, I thought. But I took the indicated place, and straightway there came upon me the memories of the past and the influences of the present, that haunted the place. Again, as before, I felt myself to be within the sphere of the presence of Louise, the Queen; and again I knew that I would gladly offer my life, and the power and goodness of it, to be hers and hers only forever. And the struggle was upon me which I had foreseen; between the returning power of those old longings, and my conviction of their utter futility. And with my pride; for even though the wish were not vain, why should I come humbly knocking again, where once the door had been shut in my face? And so I sought empty phrases to cover up the sad and angry heart within me, and to pass away the time until I might escape; and with simulated interest, I spoke of the day and the season, of the public music, of the current dissipations and amusements—even of the fashions and the dances; of anything and everything, seeking only to multiply words, that the time might pass. The unhappy disjunction and contrariety between my thoughts and my words distracted me out of civility; I neither waited for answer, or remark; my empty chat had degenerated nearly to incoherence; and I began to perceive the thrills of that ungovernable passion of mingled grief and wrath which burns so hotly, and which, in vivid and impulsive natures, if accumulating under restraint, to hurry the soul into such a chaos of almost brutish madness. I began to feel that I was unmanonerly; and then—how causelessly!—came added anger at having been forced, as it were, to come there for such a purpose; and I had just discretion enough left to stop suddenly, before I lost all self-control. I looked at my watch.

"I beg your pardon," I said, with an unnecessary attempt at a smile, and rising, "I believe I must excuse myself, Miss Le Roy. There is an engagement, I think, yet to be kept this evening."

Louise had not been looking at me, nor I at her; except that I had observed that her face was cast down. But in the half light under the curtain, I could not have read its expression, if I had been cool enough, or had sought to. Doubtless, she was displeased. Why should she not be? But now she looked up at me. I think that the turbulent passion within me, so nigh to overflowing, must have shone with an ill-boding light through my features, for I saw at her first glance, deep sadness, and eyes filled with tears—but as her eyes met mine, she looked frightened, indeed, for a moment, she turned pale. But the red blood sprang quickly back; and it was with a deep blush, and a low, sweet tone, that she said, steadily, half-beseechingly, so wistfully—

"You have said nothing, nothing! You *must* stay a little, will you not? A few minutes? Then you shall go, if you must. But pray, do not treat me so? Are you angry at me? You must not leave me in that way! When I owe you my life—and shall I not thank you?"

I do not know why, for I had no will to do it, but I sat down again. And in the bitterness of my spirit I spoke.

"Yes, I will stay a few minutes. Indeed, I had omitted a duty. Permit me to congratulate you upon the happy event which is so soon to take place, and to leave you good wishes for peace and prosperity in your new home. As for the other matter—" she laid her hand upon my arm, and looked to me with an eager, startled face, that I could not read—was I blind with my anger?—and would have spoken, but I prevented her—"as for the other matter, I neither ask nor can have any return. I should have done as much for any beggar. It would have been vile not to do it. You are welcome to despise whoever has failed at such a time; but do not underrate my manhood by praises which imply that it was an effort to do my duty. Neither will I have any thanks. If you knew how empty the words would be to me, you would not pain me with them. You owe me nothing. I owe you nothing—except sorrow; I shall not hasten to discharge that debt."

"Adam," she said, "Adam! do you not know that Mr. Van Due is gone abroad?"

She was turned towards me; her hand rested on my arm; yet her eyes fell as she spoke, and I only saw their long, dark lashes. What could this departure mean! It could mean but one thing.

"Louise! are you not betrothed to him?"

"No," she whispered.

Then I saw what it was permitted me to say. I saw again the warm flush that crimsoned the perfect features of Louise, the Queen, I saw that her heart beat fast and high. What a torrent of emotion did the magnetism of her touch wake within me! Yet there were thoughts that kept me still and silent, though I trembled beneath her hand—thoughts that had gained power since our former parting there—the bitter consciousness of poverty; the strength of misproud resolution. I thank Heaven that Louise was truer and stronger than I. Almost imperceptibly she leaned towards me, as she said,

"Adam, dear Adam, I spoke the truth to you that night upon the sea. My life would have been lost if you had not saved it. Will you not have it?"

I know not how long the silence had been. Louise would have disengaged herself from me. I detained her.

"I don't wish to fatigue you," she said, with a queer look. "The last time that I was here, you drove me away, and very suddenly, too. I have volunteered enough, I think. You will estimate me cheaply for giving you so much that you did not even ask for."

"It is leap-year, yet, Louise, and you have your privilege. You used it in good time. I should have been at your disposal, instead of seeming to have you at mine, had you refrained a little. And besides; I asked you long ago the question to which now you have in fact only given a second and better answer. And you saw, besides, what I was wishing to say, if I did not say it. My rudeness that night at sea was better than to perish. It is better to be scolded and even to be pushed, than to be drowned. Navigating and kissing are incompatible in such a storm. Besides; you did not name me; and I did not know but that I was receiving attentions meant for another."

She blushed, and whispered, "No, darling. And no other has been permitted so much, except yourself."

"But those reports about your marriage?"

"They must have come to you from his friends. I could not endure the obligation, after his conduct that night—and yours—" she blushed again—"and mine." At which recollection Louise seemed so much discomfited that I was fain to encourage her with a remedy administered upon the homœopathic principle, that that which causes symptoms will cure them; whereupon, recovering, she proceeded. "I believe I always remembered those uncomfortable stories you told me the first time I saw you. You poisoned my mind. But his family were very pertinacious, and so was he. I really don't know whether he has not gone abroad out of sheer disappointment."

It was necessary to the completeness of this account that so much of this interview should be narrated. That purpose served, I instantaneously stop. No consideration whatever could induce me to betray a lady's confidence—unless there were a good reason for it; which having been said, I must add, for the sake of my reputation, that good reasons have prevailed with Louise, my Queen, to obtain her consent to the inditing and publishing of this narrative.

There are persons who, after hearing a good story, ask, "Well, what next?" or, "What did he say then?" Such horrible and unjustifiable people, if they had received and eaten a delicious oyster, would clamor obstreperously after the shells. Having read to this place, they would now infallibly ask, "Well, are you married, or going to be?"

My unreasonably curious friends, do you suppose it is my business to fodder fools with oyster shells?

LAPLAND LOVE-MAKING.

When a young gentleman in Lapland desires to assume new responsibilities, he lays in a large stock of brandy, and his parents, relatives and friends meet in as great numbers as possible, to treat the friends of the bride desired. Neither bride nor bridegroom is expected to betray anxiety or interest in the proceedings; the Arctic Mrs. Grundy, who is very strict in such matters, would be very much scandalized if they should. Besides the great mass of relatives and friends, of aunts and fourth-cousins, who must attend, there is a still greater of outsiders, who are attracted by their curiosity to see whether anybody gets the mitten. The intensity of their curiosity is to some extent determined by the amount of brandy circulating. On the side of the gallant there is a spokesmen called *Sognomaire*. Brandy flask in hand, he goes over to the other party, and offers liquid hospitality to the father and mother of the young lady. This is a signal for an indiscriminate attack of a similar nature by the entire invading party upon the lady's friends. Everybody drinks to her father, everybody drinks to her mother, and she herself is borne in grateful memory.—When all are sufficiently elated, the proposal is embodied in a long speech, vibrating between poetry and prose. Her parents ask to see the *kilk*, the wooing presents. If they are accepted, the matter is settled, and there is nothing more but to go the next day to the parson, to get them published. Most matches are made at the fairs and great festivals, but they are never made without brandy. Indeed, "Courting with Brandy" is a proverb among Laplanders equivalent to the French *comme il faut*.—When the lady is rich, and the suitor is not, he very often throws his brandy away. The influence of riches in matrimonial matters is nowhere felt more strongly than here; dress counts for nothing; one sheepskin is as good as another. Rank is determined only by the number of reindeer a man owns. Practically, marriage is a mere matter of bargain and sale. Still, the Laplanders recognize the sacredness of the relation in their way. The silver which they pay for their brides must not be in the shape of rix dollars—it must be made up into ornaments. This is better than nothing. If a marriage is broken off, the party who takes a divorce generally returns the bridal presents, and the more conscientious add a gift for the wasted brandy. So, too, when the parents say "no," many are so generous as to pay for the brandy. As all the relatives have a word to say, there is generally a good deal of quarrelling before the answer is agreed upon, and some management is required, oftentimes, to make it favorable.

Pastor Fjellstrom tells of a wedding in Jockmock in which he was interested for the wooer. Several attempts had been made in vain before he was engaged as spokesman. An old woman overwhelmed everything and deafened everybody with her opposition to the match. When he came in she yelled out: "No, no, it shan't be; not even if the flesh-eater's son comes, he shan't have her." Fjellstrom, then a student, saw that nothing could be done so long as this old harpy was around, and whispered to a magistrate, who was also enlisted on the same side, to get the old woman out of the way somehow or other. Soon she found herself in the street; she growled about the door like a gad fly in an empty barrel; rattled and slammed, shrieked and swore, but could not get in, as the magistrate held the door. Meantime the matter was successfully concluded. Fjellstrom had brought better brandy; his father was the parson, he spoke better, and offered a few more presents. When they were ready to go to the parson's the door was opened and the old hag rushed in; but she was too late.

The importance of having an influential spokesman can hardly be over estimated. They are often paid for their services. An odd affair came off in Arieploug, at the last fair. An old widower, bearing the euphonious name of Styx, was struck with the crazy idea—so all his country people thought it—of making advances to the widow of a foreigner, who held her head above everybody else in the village, as her husband had been district magistrate. Styx, who saw that the matter would be one of great difficulty, as well as delicacy, went to the richest man in the village, and begged him to be his spokesman. He thought that his age and standing would have their influence, and offered him, in case of success, a brass kettle, which, like Homer's heroes, he described. They could not agree, however; the desired spokesman wanted the kettle at any rate, while Styx would only give it to him if he succeeded. The whole party was remarkable; Styx was seventy years old—his Dulcinea sixty, and the spokesman over eighty. Although Styx could not make the brass kettle bargain, he kept his courage up, and resolved to do as well as he could in person. He went to her and said: "You have cows, I have reindeer—look at me; I am just like your first husband," and more of the same sort. The whole thing seemed so comic to the proud Sigrid Storada, that far from getting angry at the poor fellow's advances, she began to talk with him, and kept him as long as possible in suspense as to his fate. His efforts and his anxiety continually rose in ridiculousness, until at last dinner time came, and he got a shameful mitten.

☞ It is said that eye-glasses, attached to a ribbon and worn over the left eye, have become a "public measure" with the women of Paris.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies,	- - - - - - - - -	$5,00 a year.
Eight "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
Thirteen "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
Twenty "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the names and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ "Golden Lily." Respectfully declined—but strike another key-note, and try again.

☞ A correspondent wants to know some way by which the quality and ripeness of watermelons may be ascertained by outward appearances. Will some friend furnish the desired information?

☞ "The Watchtower Light"—respectfully declined.

☞ "A Subscriber." We are not aware of the existence of any work on the nature and properties of Western plants.

☞ A correspondent writes us from Bethel, Illinois, questioning our accuracy in having named the Senator from Illinois, in a recent biographical sketch of him, Stephen *Arnold* Douglas. We find the name so printed in the United States Magazine, and in numerous papers, and have never suspected it to be incorrect. If our correspondent can furnish us proof that such is not Mr Douglas's real name, we will make all proper amends for our error.

☞ An old friend and subscriber, in North Carolina, wishes to know something about Minnesota. We have some friends in that Territory, all of whom agree in representing it as a place worth the living in. The climate is proverbially salubrious, so much so that we fear the practice of medicine will suffer from want of need! "See Naples and die," says the Italian proverb. But if you are dying, go to Minnesota and get well,—would be a wiser saw. It is by all accounts, a delightful country. We do not know of any settlement of North Carolinians in the Territory. But our friend will be well situated as to prospects and good fellowship anywhere in the region where there are colonists. The settlers are said to be a very superior order of people.

☞ A subscriber, subject to epilepsy, inquires our opinion of the medicines for that disease advertised in our columns. We do not know anything about them. Our own course in his position would be to consult some physician of established reputation—the very best we could find—and follow his directions implicitly. If one fails, try another. The medical art is to a great degree conjectural, and a number of failures may be the necessary prelude to a cure.

CONGRESS.

"Rock agent?" Yes, even before a majority of the members could leave the city, came the proclamation of President Pierce for an extra session!

We suppose the most of our readers understand the disagreement upon the Army Bill, which caused the failure of an appropriation which the Executive says is very badly needed. It is simply this.

The House attached to the bill the following proviso:—

"That no part of the military force for the support of which appropriations are made by this Act, shall be employed in the aid or enforcement of any enactment made by the body claiming to be the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, until such enactment shall have been affirmed by Congress; but this proviso shall not be so construed as to prevent the President from employing an adequate military force; but it shall be his duty to employ such force to prevent the invasion of the Territory by armed bands of non-residents, or any other body of non-residents acting as a posse comitatus of any officer in the Territory in the enforcement of any such enactment, and to protect persons and property therein, and upon the national highways leading to the Territory, from all unlawful searches and seizures; and it shall be his further duty to take efficient measures to compel the return of, and to withhold all arms of the United States, distributed to said Territory in pursuance of law."

By reading the above attentively, our readers will perceive that the proviso may be reduced into the four following prohibitions:

1. That the United States troops shall not be employed to enforce any act of the disputed Territorial Legislature, until said act shall have been affirmed by Congress.

2. That an adequate military force shall be employed by the President to prevent the invasion of the Territory of Kansas by bands of non-residents, armed or unarmed, acting as a posse comitatus of any officer of the Territory.

3. That an adequate military force shall be employed by the President to protect persons and property in the Territory, *and upon the national highways leading thereto*, from all unlawful searches or seizures.

4. And that no more United States arms shall be distributed to said Territory, but efficient measures taken to have those already distributed returned.

Upon these four points hangs the disagreement between the House and the Senate. The House says it will not vote appropriations for the army, except on these conditions—The Senate says it will not vote the appropriations, with such conditions. If neither party will yield, the bill will have to go over to the next session, which meets on the first Monday in December—and the temper of which may be affected by the result of the Presidential election.

FLOODS AT THE NORTH.—A deluge of rain has been poured out on the north, within the last week. The valley of the Connecticut was drenched with the torrents of two days. The small streams have been overflowing, and the Connecticut river is still swollen enormously, and, on the morning of the 21st, was strewn with floating barns, bridges, hay, grain, houses, fences, etc. The damage to the crops has been immense. Bridges were swept away everywhere. One of the up-river trains was stopped by the sinking of a bridge, about a mile from Greenfield, Mass. When aid came, the locomotive was nearly off, the first passenger car hanging over a steep embankment, nearly bottom side up, and the last car on the half-sunk bridge, every moment threatening to plunge into the boiling torrent below. The passengers were all rescued, uninjured. The deluge has been, also, pouring over New York. At Poughkeepsie the damage done to property was not less than $20,000. Tracks were submerged, bridges and dams swept away, houses rendered untenable, and multiform mischief done. All the region about Albany and Troy has suffered in this way. The details of the damage are extensive, and the pecuniary loss very great.

THE DAILY TIMES.—We neglected to notice some weeks ago, that this enterprising morning paper had been purchased by Mr. J. Barclay Harding, a son of the veteran publisher of the *Pennsylvania Enquirer*. Mr. Harding designs making the *Times* a first-class news and business paper, and has our best wishes for his success. The *Times* is a two-cent paper—one cent having been found by experience too small a sum upon which to publish a first-class daily paper, like the *Daily Tribune*, *Times* and *Herald of New York*, or the *London Times*.

PRIVATEERING.

The reply of Secretary Marcy to the communication of the French Minister in relation to the decisions of the Congress of Paris respecting Maritime Law, is, in the main, a sound and well-considered document. To its style and method, objection might justly be taken—for it is somewhat loose, long and rambling, when it should have been compact, brief and sententious. Secretary Marcy seems to us a statesman of good and generally sound judgment, but we fear he does not wield that strong and clear pen which gives celebrity to its possessor. While, doubtless, a man of great talent, he is probably not in the least a man of genius. And thus, in the letter before us, we see all the materials of one of those State Papers which hand down a name to the future, without that celestial fire permeating, fusing and refining them, and thus rendering the product and its author immortal.

The four Declarations adopted by the Congress of Paris, it will be remembered by our readers, were as follows:—

1. Privateering *is*, and remains, abolished.
2. The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.
3. Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag.
4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

Mr. Marcy, of course, has no objection to the last three of the above Declarations. On the contrary, he regards that in reference to Blockades, as one already established by the law of nations. Paper blockades, he says, have rarely been justified upon principle—the whole dispute turning, when any arose, upon the question whether the force making the blockade "really was sufficient to prevent access to the coast of the enemy."

As to the second and third Declarations, Mr. Marcy calls the attention of the French Minister to a fact which probably he is well aware of, that nearly two years since the President submitted to all the maritime nations, including the Powers represented at Paris, propositions essentially of a similar character, in order that they might be universally agreed to as principles of International Law.

The whole difficulty in meeting the wishes of the Congress of Paris, lies in the first Declaration, proposing the abolition of Privateering. Mr. Marcy declines acceding to this, on the ground of the settled policy of the United States relative to a small naval establishment—except upon one condition: To add to the first proposition in the "Declaration" of the Congress of Paris the following words: "AND THAT THE PRIVATE PROPERTY OF THE SUBJECTS OR CITIZENS OF A BELLIGERENT ON THE HIGH SEAS SHALL BE EXEMPTED FROM SEIZURE BY PUBLIC ARMED VESSELS OF THE OTHER BELLIGERENT EXCEPT IT BE CONTRABAND." Thus amended, the Government of the United States will adopt it, together with the other three principles contained in that "Declaration."

While we are not able to see as much force in several of Mr. Marcy's arguments relative to Privateering as many of our contemporaries, we are greatly pleased with the conclusion at which he has arrived. He proposes to gain at a single leap, that great end which the abolition of privateering has ever been looked upon as a step towards attaining. The generally received rule of modern warfare upon land, is that the persons and effects of non-combatants shall be respected; and there is no valid reason why the same chivalrous and Christian rule should not obtain upon the seas. Pleased we are to read, that Secretary Marcy "is directed by the President to say, that to this principle of exempting private property upon the ocean, as well as upon the land, applied without restriction, he yields a most ready and willing assent."

What the nations represented in the Congress of Paris will say to this counter-proposition, we know not—but we are not able to see how they can, with any consistency, refuse to accept it. If the world goes on in its progress towards a higher degree of moral enlightenment, the assent of all the nations to so noble and honorable a proposition is a mere question of time. And a matter of just pride will it ever continue to be to the American people, that their government was the first to propose a step of such unqualified justice and wisdom.

There seems to us to be, in the nature of things, a peculiar propriety that even a milder code of warfare should obtain on the ocean than on the land. On the waters, we seem more immediately in the presence, and on the domain of the Eternal Ruler. No change is there worked by the hand of man—all is as it came from the sovereign will of the Almighty—and the shifting waves, ready to engulph the unwary and the reckless, force upon the mind a stronger feeling of the uncertain and evanescent character of this mortal *life*. Of all places, it is the one least consistent with unnatural strife and bloodshed.

Besides, when sailing for days and weeks, and perhaps months, without meeting a new form or face, the natural result is to strengthen the common bond of human brotherhood—so that it seems that any casual meeting even with strangers, must needs feel like a meeting of friends and brethren. What an unnatural thing to sail thus lonely for weeks and months, and at the first sight of a strange sail, make everything ready for a probable conflict. Is it not like fighting out a deadly quarrel in the very presence of the awful majesty of the Infinite?

And therefore it seems to us that even a softer and milder code of warfare than prevails on land, would be befitting the wild wastes of water. As the better class of mariners are apt to acquire a more grave and reverent habit of thinking than other men, from their uncertain and perilous mode of life, so we should think that the better class of naval officers would naturally incline to every mitigation which could be adopted of naval warfare. So that if fighting must continue to be done at sea, even that fighting should borrow a tone from the impressive character of the scene around it, and seamen seek to distinguish themselves not only as among the most generous and daring, but also as among the most merciful and magnanimous of men.

THE NEWS FROM KANSAS.—The country is becoming so accustomed to the idea of civil war in Kansas, that we question whether it would evince much surprise to hear that it had been declared a "free fight," and that Iowa, Illinois, Arkansas, and Missouri had all gone into it. Even President Pierce seems to look upon it as a matter of little consequence; as he is reported to have informed the agent sent on, a short time since, by the Free State men, to apprise him that a general invasion from Missouri was apprehended, and asking protection, that he was too busy to see him—Mr. Sydney Webster, Private Secretary, giving it as his opinion that they would have to take care of themselves.

As to the accounts of the recent doings in the Territory, they are quite conflicting. It seems that no injury was done to persons and property in Franklin, except the destruction of the block-house and the capture of its inmates. We incline to the belief that the report of the rescue of Gen. Robinson and the other prisoners, by Col. Lane, from the U. S. troops, is very doubtful.

FALSE REPORT.—The New York Times recently stated that handbills had been circulated in the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad, from the West, containing statements relative to the yellow fever, prejudicial to the business of New York. The charge is believed to be untrue. Inquiry has failed to develope any good authority for the statement. It would be a mean advantage to take of a competitor, and we are pleased to learn, therefore, that there is no ground for the allegation.

WHITE AND BLACK.—Mary, a negro woman, the slave of Dr. J. H. Hundley, of Meoreseville, Ala., gave birth, on the 10th inst., to three living infants, two white and one black. This is vouched for by the Augusta (Geo.) Sentinel.

EXCITEMENT IN MARKET STREET.—There has been quite an effervescence among the mercantile community of this city, for a week or two past, certain attempts, it would seem, having been made to injure the business of a leading house by means unworthy of fair and generous rivals. Doubtless the young salesmen about Market street are more to blame than their principals. As to bringing politics into business, we expressed our opinion upon that point very recently. We need hardly say that we particularly admire the manly, straight-forward character of the following

CARD.

We have been informed by a large number of our Southern customers, that systematic and pertinacious efforts are constantly made to deprive us of a portion of our trade, by appeals to the prejudices of buyers on the score of the unsound political sentiments of some of the members of our firm.

We therefore feel it a duty we owe to ourselves, and the commercial community in which we reside, to publicly declare that we have no apologies to make for our opinions, and that we will continue, as ever, to hold and express just such sentiments as our consciences and convictions dictate, without reference to the supposed views of customers, and in especial contempt of that class of dealers in our city who "sell their principles with their goods."

In this connection it is but justice to a large majority of our Southern friends to state, that they thoroughly appreciate and heartily despise that cringing servility which seeks gain by insincere professions of devotion to Southern institutions, or in the less manly, though more discreet form of indendoes as to a neighbor's sentiments.

If, after this, there are any who desire to know our views before purchasing from us, we can best reply by embodying in this note an extract from a letter written by us some months since, which will explain itself:—

"The members of our firm, entertaining a wide difference of views on various topics, and as many opinions on the Slavery Question as there are members of it, are fully united on *one* point, namely, that when any one presumes to demand as a preliminary to purchasing from us, that he shall know our opinions on Slavery, or any other mooted question in Religion or Politics, he shall be informed as we now tell you, that he *cannot* purchase from us for cash or upon *any* terms, until he shall have amply apologized for the insult."

MORRIS L. HALLOWELL & Co.

PHILADELPHIA, 8th Month 22d, 1856.

New Publications.

ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. EMERSON. Phillips & Sampson, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Our chief labor here in America has hitherto been to build empire, and advance the material interests of civilization. The nobler and more useful spiritual interests of the nation have been meanwhile somewhat unattended to. Cities, farms, factories, mines, railroads, shipping, legislatures, *society*, and government—all these we have, and on a colossal scale. A national literature corresponding in magnitude and utility to these, as yet we have not. The circumstances of our social life have but lately begun to favor the growth and development of such. Even now our garden of letters is a short-lived and delightless flush of flaunting verdure and ugly weeds. Only here and there bloom the pure and flame-like flowers whose eternal beauty and odor is to gladden and perfume the after ages. You could pack in a clothes-basket all the books we have produced that are really valuable and enduring. Of mere literary men—magazinists, story-tellers, pensters and pamphleteers—there is an abundance. The scholars—taking Milton or Bacon as the Ideal—are few. Bright as the brightest of the little glorious group of which America is yet to be proud, shines Ralph Waldo Emerson.

His career has been slowly but surely upward into the light and reverence of the people. His fame has been no wild haired meteor flaring suddenly from the dark, and swiftly swalling away, but a slow, splendid planet, gradually rising and brightening to its zenith. First a student at Harvard, one of the darlings of Cambridge scholarship. Then a Boston minister, unknown beyond the circle of his parish. Next—why a little essay on Nature, written by a man who lived in the woods at Concord, whose meagre edition of five hundred had lain unsold for twelve years on a publisher's shelves, was suddenly discovered to be a remarkable work, and went off with a rush. The recluse emerges from his green solitude of years to public notice. Then certain brave and gentle hearts, wishing well and hoping well, begin the experiment of Brook Farm, an attempt to organize society for the greatest good of all. The publication of the magazine known as the "Dial," commences, and Emerson contributes a series of articles. New England blazes with Transcendentalism. The word becomes a popular joke, and everybody ridicules what nobody takes the trouble to understand. Brook Farm yields to disaster, and the wits leave Transcendeltalism to laugh at something else. But new and vital life has been poured into the torpid veins of American literature, and thought and freedom of thought have received a lasting impulse. Emerson publishes volumes of essays and lectures, and the echo of his fame abroad rings to us across the Atlantic, and we begin to think him a great man. Sometimes he reads a lecture in public; auditors, fit and few, attend; the literary ice-berge, the *fossils* and fogies peculiar to Boston, carefully stay away. But Emerson keeps a tranquil temper; writes more lectures, prints more essays, and rises steadily; always manfully doing his duty as a true scholar, whenever occasion offers, to liberty, society, human rights and happiness, and all the gentle and gracious ends of civilization; never courting popular favor, never suffering popular opinion to gag his lips or plug his pen; never taking counsel of aught save God and the freeman's heart. His course for the last few years is too well known to need that we should notice it. His auditors are still fit, but no longer few. Whatever he prints is sure of a sale of seven thousand—his last book is sure of a sale of twice that number. At his lectures in Boston in last April, all the literary icebergs, the Bostonian fossils and fogies, were present in full and favorable force. The man that lived in Concord woods whom nobody knew, and whose five hundred copies of the essay on Nature took twelve years to sell, had conquered them all. Even Mr. George Ticknor starts from his dream of Spanish literature, and finds out where Emerson lives! "Honor, obedience, reverence, troops of friends" come at last when silver begins to sprinkle the locks of the sage of Concord.

Here is his latest book, the work of a man who is all thought and eye. All minds, great and small, have their vagaries. Such are natural to mortality. Even Emerson, strong and wise as he is, is only strong and wise in his best—which is a very large one—and fails outside of it. His literary fault, as we think, is an occasional tendency to mistake a refraction of his own mind for truth. His views seem to us not always justified by the known facts. Certain pet habits of thinking sometimes mislead him in his quest for the true. But this is not frequent. In general he is the beautiful, cube Greek-Yankee—the marvellous fusion of rare spirituality and rare human sagacity—the clear eye that reads character and detects lurking principles, and coolly looking a mystery in the face, accurately calculates its meaning and value. He is said to be often unintelligible. So he is—but not to his mental peers, and not to the patient student of his writings. The unintelligibility charged upon him is sometimes more justly chargeable to the impatience or incapacity of the reader, and more often to the real profundity or difficulty of conception appertaining to his thought. For if ever a man expressed the ideas which verge on the incommunicable, that man is Emerson. Many of his darkest sayings often become transparent as crystal when reached through the imaginative sense, or pondered in moods of spiritual exaltation. His are not books to be carelessly and hastily perused; they must be studied, and to the student they are perpetual springs of wisdom and delight. Sometimes his sentences are but the stenographic memoranda of his thought; he understands them; his students understand them; and what he and they understand, does not occur to him as needing to be written out at length in order to be brought within the comprehension of the general reader. "You cannot crowd Olympus into a nutshell," says a vigorous writer. But that is just Emerson's trick. He can do it splendidly. He crams the world into a line. Some of his brief paragraphs are compressions of entire books of diffuseness. He sometimes gives us a whole cumbrous folio of philosophy condensed into one keen, pithy, brilliant sentence. Certainly there is no vagueness of terms—no obscurity of language in his works. His English is always pure, clear, and masterly.

But unintelligible or not, his unintelligibility does not appear in this his latest effort. It is eminently simple, understandable, and practical. The ablest criticism upon it that we have seen, complains that it is not a just presentation of English life, inasmuch as it omits to portray the enormous evils and miseries which underlie the English civilization. But here the critic is at fault. The scope of the work is implied in its title—English Traits. It is not the *life* of the nation, but the peculiarities of the national *character* that Mr. Emerson aims to portray. And so keen and thorough an analysis of that character has never been made. Is every mystery is penetrated—its springs of action laid bare—its subtlest peculiarities detected and explained with the shrewdest and cleverest wit and common sense. The point of view is above the clouds—the sun's point of view; and the mind of the author, like the sunlight, searches and reveals the entire landscape of English character in all its weakness, its strength, its deformity, its beauty and its glory. When the Duke of Wellington died, it was reserved for an American poet to most worthily sing his memory. The English harps sounded by his tomb, but the grandest strain of all wailed from the lyre of Longfellow. And now, the finest analysis and exposition that has been made of English characteristics—a work by which they will be remembered, and which will become classic in Saxon literature—is from the hand of an American. Viewed simply as an intellectual production, it is the most remarkable work of the day. Its shrewdness, its sense, its catholicity of view, its subtle wit, its epigrammatic terseness and vigor of thought and style, and its fine nobility and generosity of sentiment, are worthy of the highest praise.

We are aware that in presenting our readers with a few detached extracts from the book, we are too much like the comic doll in the old Greek comedy who brings in a basket of bricks as a specimen of the edifice. But our bricks, which we premise are not the best in the pile, may please the reader for their own shapeliness, and inspire him with a desire to acquaint himself with the magnificent structure of such.

In the chapter on "Character," Mr. Emerson says:—

The national temper, in the civil history, is not flashy or whiffling. The slow, deep English mass smoulders with fire, which at last sets all its borders in flame. The wrath of London is not French wrath, but has a long memory, and in its hottest heat, a register and rule.

Half their strength they put not forth. They are capable of a sublime resolution, and if hereafter the war of races, often predicted, and making itself a war of opinions also (a question of despotism and liberty coming from Eastern Europe), should menace the English civilization, these sea-kings may take once again to their flosting castles, and find a new home and second millennium of power in their colonies.

They are good lovers, good haters, slow but obstinate admirers, and, in all things, very much steeped in their temperament, like men hardly awaked from deep sleep which they enjoy. Their habits and instincts cleave to nature. They are of the earth, earthy; and of the sea, as the sea-kinds, attached to it for what it yields them, and not from any sentiment. They are full of coarse strength, rude exercise, butcher's meat, and sound sleep; and suspect any poetic insinuation or any hint for the conduct of life which reflects on this animal existence, as if somebody were fumbling at the umbilical cord, and might stop their supplies. They doubt a man's sound judgment, if he does not eat with appetite, and shake their heads if he is particularly chaste. Take them as they come, you shall find in the common people a surly indifference, sometimes gruffness and ill-temper: and, in minds of more power, magazines of inexhaustible war, challenging

"The ruggedest hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland."

They are headstrong believers and defenders of their opinion, and not less resolute in maintaining their whim and perversity. Hezekiah Woodward wrote a book against the Lord's Prayer. And one can believe that Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy, having predicted from the stars the hour of his death, slipped the knot himself round his own neck, not to falsify his horoscope.

Their looks bespeak an invincible stoutness: they have extreme difficulty to run away, and will die game. Wellington said of the young coxcombs of the Life Guards, delicately brought up, "but the puppies fight well;" and Nelson said of his sailors, "they really mind shot no more than peas." Of absolute stoutness no nation has more or better examples. They are good at storming redoubts, at boarding frigates, at dying in the last ditch, or any desperate service which has daylight and honor in it; but not, I think, at enduring the rack, or any passive obedience, like jumping off a castle-roof at the word of a Czar. Being both vascular and highly organized, so as to be very sensible of pain; and intellectual, so as to see reason and glory in a matter.

Under the caption of "Truth," the following passage occurs:—

They are blunt in saying what they think, sparing of promises, and they require plain-dealing of others. We will not have to do with a man in a mask. Let us know the truth. Draw a straight line, hit whom and where it will. Alfred, whom the affection of the nation makes the type of their race is called by his friend Asser, the *truth-speaker; Aluredus verídicus*. Geoffrey of Monmouth says of King Aurelius, uncle of Arthur, that, "above all things, he hated a lie." The Northman Gutthorn said to King Olaf, "it is royal work to fulfil royal words." The mottoes of their families are monitory proverbs, as—*Fair fac*,—Say, do,—of the Fairfaxes; *Say and Seal*, of the house of Fiennes; *Vero nil verius*, of the DeVeres. To be king of their word is their pride. When they unmask cant, they say, "the English of this is," &c.; and to give the lie is the extreme insult. The phrase of the lowest of the lowest of the people is "honor-bright," and their vulgar praise, "his word is as good as his bond." They hate shuffling and equivocation, and the cause is damaged in the public opinion, on which any paltering can be fixed. Even Lord Chesterfield, with his French breeding, when he came to define a gentleman, declared that truth made his distinction; and nothing ever spoken by him would find so hearty a suffrage from his nation. The Duke of Wellington, who had the best right to say so, advises the French General Kellermann, that he may rely on the parole of an English officer. The English, of all classes, value themselves on this trait, as distinguishing them from the French, who, in the popular belief, are more polite than true. An Englishman understates, avoids the superlative, checks himself in compliments, alleging, that in the French language, one cannot speak without lying.

The Teutonic tribes have a national singleness of heart, which contrasts with the Latin races. The German name has a proverbial significance of sincerity and honest meaning. The arts bear testimony to it. The faces of clergy and laity in old sculptures and illuminated missals are charged with earnest belief. Add to this hereditary rectitude, the punctuality and precise dealing which commerce creates, and you have the English truth and credit. The government strictly performs its engagements. The subjects do not understand trifling on its part. When any breach of promise occurred, in the old days of prerogative, it was resented by the people as an intolerable grievance. And, in modern times, any slipperiness in the government in political faith, or any repudiation or crookedness in matters of finance, would bring the whole nation to a committee of inquiry and reform. Private men keep their promises, never so trivial. Down goes the flying word on the tablets, and is indelible as Doomsday Book.

Speaking of the national manners, Mr. Emerson remarks:—

A sea-shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men. The Englishman is finished like a cowry or a murex.—After the spire and the spines are formed, or, with the formation, a juice exudes, and a hard enamel varnishes every part. The keeping of the proprieties is as indisputable as clean linen. No merit quite countervails the want of this, whilst this sometimes stands in lieu of all. "'Tis in bad taste," is the most formidable word an Englishman can pronounce. But this japan costs them dear. There is a prose in certain Englishmen, which exceeds in wooden deadness all rivalry with other countrymen. There is a knell in the conceit and externality of their voice, which seems to say, *Leave all hope behind*. In this Gibraltar of propriety, mediocrity gets entrenched, and consolidated, and founded in adamant. An Englishman of fashion is like one of those souvenirs, bound in gold vellum, enriched with delicate engravings, on thick, hot-pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies and princes, but with nothing in it worth reading or remembering.

The chapter entitled "Ability," has many golden words. We have space for only a brief citation:—

A proof of the energy of the British people, is the highly artificial construction of the whole fabric.—The climate and geography, I said, were factitious, as if the hands of man had arranged the conditions. The same character pervades the whole kingdom.—Bacon said, "Rome was a State not subject to paradoxes," but England subsists by antagonisms and contradictions. The foundations of its greatness are the rolling waves; and, from first to last, it is a museum of anomalies. This foggy and rainy country furnishes the world with astronomical observations. Its short rivers do not afford water-power, but the land shakes under the thunder of the mills. There is no gold mine of any importance, but there is more gold in England than in all other countries.—It is too far north for the culture of the vine, but the wines of all countries are in its docks. The French Comte de Lauraguais said, "no fruit ripens in England but a baked apple;" but oranges and pineapples are as cheap in London as in the Mediterranean. The Mark Lane Express, or the Custom House Returns bear out to the letter the vaunt of Pope—

"Let India boast her palms, nor envy we
The weeping amber, nor the spicy tree,
While, by our oaks, those precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn."

The native cattle are extinct, but the island is full of artificial breeds. The agriculturist, Bakewell, created sheep and cows and horses to order, and breeds in which everything was omitted but what is economical. The cow is sacrificed to her bag, the ox to his sirloin. Stall-feeding makes sperm mills of the cattle, and converts the stable to a chemical factory. The rivers, lakes and ponds, too much fished, or obstructed by factories, are artificially filled with the eggs of salmon, turbot and herring.

Chat Moss and the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire are unhealthy and too barren to pay rent. By cylindrical tiles, and gutta-percha tubes five millions of acres of bad land have been drained and put on equality with the best, for rape culture, and grass. The climate, too, which was already believed to have become milder and drier by the enormous consumption of coal, is so far reached by this new action, that fogs and storms are said to disappear. In due course, all England will be drained, and rise a second time out of the waters.—The latest step was to call in the aid of steam to agriculture. Steam is almost an Englishman. I do not know but they will send him to Parliament next, to make laws.

It is almost a wrong to the work to make these quotations. The jewel is robbed of some lustre by being taken from its setting. One of the noticeable features of the book is the intimate correspondence of all its parts—each appearing best in its relation to each and to the whole. Without further impairing this distinctive quality, we commend the volume to the careful perusal of the public. It should have a cordial and universal reception, and we hope it will.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Mason & Brothers: New York. For sale by C. Desilver, Philadelphia.

The readers of Mr. Abbott's History (as he calls it,) of Napoleon, and those persons who are not so unfortunate as to be readers of that depraving romance, will find both pleasure and profit to a certain extent in the present collection of Bonaparte's letters to Josephine and other personages. They will assist the formation of a just estimate of Napoleon's character in some degree, at least, though not materially. A man's acts, and the consequences of his acts, rather than his sentiments, furnish the important evidence regarding his wisdom, unselfishness and morality. The present volume is intended by Mr. Abbott as a corollary to his "History," which we consider one of the worst and weakest books of the day, and far more hostile to the spirit of Christianity than any infidel work we know.

RETRIBUTION. A Tale of Passion. By MRS EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Retribution is a tale whose power is the grasp of a vice, and whose interest is the suck of the maelstrom. It has a compressed and fearful energy, which stirs the blood. Mrs. Southworth's most prominent literary fault—diffuseness—does not appear in this volume. It is a tale of wonderful vigor and intensity, and its movement bears one resistlessly on to the perception of a moral whose truth is undeniable.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN SKELTON. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. For sale by E. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

These volumes belong to the admirable edition of the British Poets of which we have spoken praiseFully many times. Skelton was the Poet Laureate in the times of the Eighth Henry, and one of the fathers of the English Drama. He gave a metre to poetic literature, distinctively known as the Skeltonian.

BERNARD LILE: An Historical Romance embracing the periods of the Texan Revolution and the Mexican War. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

Here is a romance of real and stirring interest, abounding with graphic portraitures of the race of rangers, and pictures of the adventurer's life. The author writes of scenes in which he has moved an actor. His book shows much talent, and is capable of interesting all classes of readers.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JOHN CHARLES FREMONT. By JOHN BIGELOW. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

This is by far the ablest and fullest memoir of Colonel Fremont that has been issued. It is very much superior, not only in completeness, but in effectiveness as a campaign weapon, to Mr. Upham's previous memoir. It is printed in bold and clear type, and is handsomely illustrated.

HOUSEHOLD MYSTERIES; A Romance of Southern Life. By LILLIE PETIT. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A novel of Southern life, written by a Virginia lady. It has considerable merit, though somewhat stilted in style. Some of the characters are vividly drawn. The book has interest enough for the reading of an idle hour, and may be commended for this purpose.

WESTERN BORDER LIFE; or, What Fanny Hunter saw and heard in Kansas and Missouri. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

This is a novel written to illustrate the social and moral life of Kansas and the border counties of Missouri. The author claims to write from the experience which a residence in both localities gave her.

TWO LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN UNION. By Henry Reed. Published and for sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF DENTAL SCIENCE. July, 1856. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. January to June, 1856. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

HISTORY OF EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES, exhibiting the number, sex, age, occupation, and country of birth, of passengers arriving in the United States from foreign countries from September 30th, 1819, to December 31st, 1855: with an introductory review of immigration prior to 1819, and an appendix containing the naturalization and passenger laws of the United States. By William J. Brownwell, of the Department of State. Redfield, New York. For sale by J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

LIGHTNING WITH A CLEAR SKY.—Three barns in Feeding Hills, Mass., belonging to Comfort Kent, were struck by lightning and burned recently; loss about $2,000, insurance $800. There was no storm, it is said, in the vicinity, nor cloud of any kind near the barns at the time they were struck, although a violent storm was prevailing in other sections.

NEWS FROM KANSAS.—A letter from Kansas to the Cincinnati Commercial, dated August 5th, says that on the 1st inst., a company of 40 or 50 from West port, and thereabouts, principally from the Alabama and Georgia Emigrant Company's, made their way to a village called Palmyra, 15th miles southwest of Lawrence, on the Santa Fe road, robbed the inhabitants and burnt the town. The news of this outrage being hastily conveyed to Lawrence, a company started in pursuit. They were overtaken, and a considerable portion made prisoners, without the exchange of a shot. Coleman, the murderer of Dow is said to be one of the number of prisoners. What disposal will be made of them is not known.

The day before this outrage, a wagon team and load of goods, belonging to a firm in Kansas City, destined for a trading post at Fort Riley, when a few miles in the Territory, was taken possession of by three men. They compelled the man to drive it for them about two miles, when he managed to make his escape into the bushes, and immediately made his way back to Kansas City. A company from that place were started in pursuit of these highway thieves but the result is not known.

The Free State men say they have discovered that the organized plan of the Pro-Slavery party is to concentrate men, arms, and ammunition at different points in the Territory, for the purpose of making a sudden and general attack immediately after the adjournment of Congress, and expel all the Free State settlers. Twelve fortified block-houses have been erected at different Pro-Slavery points, which are well supplied with cannon, rifles, and ammunition garrisoned principally by Missourians.

On the night of the 12th inst., a company of Free State men attacked the Fort at Franklin, for the purpose of securing arms, when a fight ensued between them and the forces stationed there, which lasted four hours. One Free State man was killed, and one seriously wounded. Three Missourians were wounded. The Free State men captured a block house, took one cannon, and fifty stand of arms—the latter included many of the rifles seized at Lawrence in May, by the Pro-Slavery men. The Missourians retreated to camp Worthington, northwest of Lawrence.

Before the attack on the Fort at Franklin, the Free State men applied for the dispersion of the Pro Slavery force that had gathered there, under the proclamation of Governor Shannon, which was refused The St. Louis Democrat thus explains the attack:—Parties of Carolinians and Missourians had encamped on Washington creek, committing numerous depredations. The people of Lawrence sent Mr. Hoyt, a Massachusetts man, to the camp of the Missourians, to ascertain the reasons for these depredations. Mr. Hoyt went unarmed, was taken prisoner, and shot dead. The Lawrence people then immediately proceeded to attack Franklin, with a view to drive the others out of the Territory.

Since the above affair, civil war has begun in real earnest. Governor Shannon anticipating an attack on the town of Lecompton, refused, it is said, to call out the troops, and fled followed by many of the citizens.

On the 15th, a colony of Georgians, near Osawatomie were attacked by the Free State men and driven into Missouri. It is also stated that 400 Free State men had marched upon the Treadwell Settlement; and that the inhabitants calling on Governor Shannon for aid, the United States troops called out by him refused to serve.

On the 16th, Colonel Lane, at the head of eight hundred men, is reported to have attacked the town of Lecompton, and rescued Brown, Robinson, and all the other Free State prisoners. The United States troops having charge of them surrendered without firing a gun. Col. Titus had gone to help the Pro-Slavery settlement at Treadwell. His house, about a mile from Lecompton, was burned. Mr. Clowes, the editor of the *Southern Advocate*, was killed—and also a person named Sylvestre.

LATER.—The attack on Lecompton, with the rescue of Gov. Robinson, &c., is contradicted. Another account says:

A force of 300 men from Lawrence marched to the Pro-Slavery camp at Washington Creek, and ordered the men there to disperse. They retreated and occupied and fortified a block house at Lecompton. An heavy firing was heard in that direction the same day, it is feared that a sanguinary engagement has taken place.

An exciting address to the citizens of Lexington, Mo., recites these as actual facts—but as the professed object was to get up a new invasion of the Territory from Missouri, its statements must be received with hesitation. The following also is published:—

NEAR LECOMPTON, Aug. 16, 1856.

FRIENDS OF LAW AND ORDER, The Abolitionists have come on us this morning about daylight, whipped and taken prisoners our men. Lecompton is taken, and deserted by the women and children. Lane's men are about 800 strong. The U. S. troops have also been whipped. Will you come to our rescue before we are all murdered? We are out of powder and lead and every kind of ammunition. Our friends are now stationed in Sheriff Jones' house, as many as can, and will fight to the last. Will you help us?—if so, come at once. Unless we get help we will all be murdered. The foregoing is reliable.

D. R. ATCHISON,
W. H. RUSSELL,
JOS. C. ANDERSON,
A. G. BOON.

STILL LATER.—Monday morning, 18th, 10 o'clock.—W. H. Russell, T. Hinkle and Jos. C. Ander

Life in Paris.

LETTER LATE THAN NEVER—A DISAPPOINTMENT—AN OLD FASHION REVIVED—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT—UNRIVALLED HOUSINGS—A FRANK CONFESSION—A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION—A THIRSTY LAND—A NUT FOR PHRENOLOGISTS—A PRECIOUS PLANT.

PARIS, Aug. 7, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Paris is still deprived of the light of the Emperor's countenance, the splendors of which are not expected to beam upon us until the expiration of another week; but so brilliant are the floods of sunshine in which we have been basking for the last three weeks, that the absence of the Imperial luminary is scarcely perceptible.

The long reign of this ill-behaved summer have had the effect of rendering fruit exceedingly dear. Strawberries and raspberries have been sold this season at an average of one third above their usual prices; cherries at about four times, and plums at twice their usual rates. Melons, always dear, (you can get nothing eatable in the way of a melon under forty *sous*, and must fight a series of pitched battles with the melon-vender to get it at that,) have sold about as usual; and just now, in this golden, glowing month of August, when peaches ought to be cheapest, you must give ten cents apiece for wretched little mites of peaches that the *gamins* of Philadelphia would hardly say "thank'ee" for. It would really be interesting to know whether the enormous concussions and blazings of the Crimean campaign have had as much to do with this very tantalizing state of things as is asserted by certain meteorologists.

In spite of the great heat, the building and repairing going on here have not been allowed to slacken. Under the latter head I may mention the return to painted interiors now being made in the churches of St. Clothilde, St. Germain des Pres, and the magnificent new temple of St. Eugene, built by the Empress. The extremely pleasing effect of that gem of Gothic architecture, the Sainte Chapelle, in the Palais de Justice, which is painted in the mediæval style, is universally acknowledged; and the favor with which the temporary decoration, in the same style, of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, for the baptism of the little Napoleon, was regarded, would seem to indicate that these restorations will be well received by the community.

Everybody not tied to the city in some way or other, is off to the country; and those who are obliged to stay here, console themselves by frequent excursions to the various pleasant places so easily accessible by rail, in the neighborhood of Paris. The Bois le Boulogne, already described, being distant but some ten minutes from the town, is enormously resorted to. A company has just added to the charms of this favored spot, a garden where every sort of game, with dances, concerts, lotteries, and ice-creams are to be had to any extent. This Parisian paradise is named the "Pre Catalan," and is keenly appreciated by all the "small people" of the metropolis.

The "lakes," as the Parisians modestly term the ponds they are so proud of in the Bois le Boulogne, have just been cranged of their finny inhabitants, supplied from the piscicultural establishment of the College of France. An immense number of salmon, trout, &c., put into the ponds some months ago, when just old enough to be trusted to their own small stock of discretion, were thus fished out for examination, and were found to have grown and thriven in the most healthy and praiseworthy manner. They were placed in the tubs of water for examination, and then carefully put back into the "lakes" aforesaid, amidst the warm applause of the crowds of spectators, who all seemed as much interested in the result of the experiment as though their own individual chances of ever dining on fish had depended on its success.

The special ambassadors of the different European Courts are flocking to St. Petersburg, whence they will accompany the Russian Court to Moscow to witness the coronation. So far from the taste for displays of this kind being on the wane in our funny little planet, it would rather seem to be on the increase. Moscow is filling so rapidly, with visitors from every land, and of almost every class, that prices have reached a fabulous height, and the inhabitants are at their wits' end to know where to stow them. All the great personages are vieing with each other in the splendour of their appearance; but Prince Esterhazy will evidently come off A No. 1. According to the *Gazette de Cologne*, the six magnificent horses he is sending to Moscow for his own personal use, are worth from eight to ten thousand florins apiece, (a regiment of other horses being sent for the persons of his suite.) The housings of his favorite charger are of tiger-skin, ornamented with his arms in diamonds, and surrounded by a rich border of embroidery done in the same precious stones, all of the very purest water. This astonishing display is accounted for by the fact that the family diamonds of the House of Esterhazy represent a value considerably greater than that of its vast landed estates.

Let us hope that the Emperor Alexander, who is believed to be liberal and benevolent, and anxious to improve the state of his people, will show us, by-and-bye, that Russia has made some advances since the day when the Empress Catherine II. wrote the following letter to the Governor of Mexico, who complained of the difficulty of getting the children of the poorer classes to the public schools:—

"Monsieur, do not complain, but rejoice that the children of the people will not come to the schools. Know, that, when once the people become enlightened, neither you nor I will remain in our present places! What we have done in providing these schools was done for Europe, which is looking at us; and not at all for the Russian people."

However the case may be in Russia, the world is not standing still elsewhere. Take the following fact as an indication that more just and humane ideas are making their way among the large industrialists, whose relations to their work people have been so "grinding" and ungenerous in times past.

Madame Wendel, who, since her husband's decease, carries on the various mining establishments she possesses in the Department of the Moselle, has just decided that, of the many thousands of Workpeople she employs, all who have been in her employment for a period of twenty, twenty-five, or thirty years, as well as all who may become incapacitated for labor, and the widows of all who are killed by accident, shall be entitled to a fixed yearly pension of not less than $30. Workpeople who have been in her employ for five years, are to receive a fixed proportion of extra wages until they become entitled to the pension. After a service of five years, this extra pay is to be equal to a quarter of the pension; after ten years, to half the pension. Many hundreds of workpeople will thus become eligible, each year, to the enjoyment of the extra pay, and of the pension. Small as these sums appear, they are still considerable when the low rates of wages in Europe, and the small cost at which the French laborer supports himself, are taken into account. But the real value of the facts lies in the indication it affords of the modifications gradually being introduced into the relation of employers and employed.

Stagnant as in the political life of France at the present time, the wits of this active-minded people working, in other departments of social interest, busily as ever; and the ardor with which the men and journalists of this country are entering pon the career of material reform, constitutes a remarkable feature in the physiognomy of the day, and has frequently been alluded to in these letters. The insufficiency of the supply of water in French cities is now coming up for general consideration. M. Chevreuil, one of the first chemists of the day, whose admirable researches into the subject of color have attracted the attention of all the savans and industrialists of Europe, has been writing on the necessity of an ample supply of water. "Such a supply," says the learned academician, "is not a matter of luxury, but of necessity. The first condition of health for a city is the presence of a rapid stream of pure, running water in the gutters of every street, so that the dirty water of the latter may never become stagnant under the windows of the houses. Unless you can turn such a rivulet of pure water into your gutters, and keep it constantly flowing, you will have rendered the city more unhealthy by the formation of gutters than it would have been had the streets been left flat, and their various impurities allowed to remain disseminated over the surface."

To prove how defective and insufficient is the present supply of water here, carried daily into each separate house in small quantities, at a high price, by the water carriers, it has been shown that, in order to raise the supply, per head, to a level with the supply (still insufficient) now enjoyed by the inhabitants of London, would require the entire labor of 240,000 carriers, i. e. nearly the whole number of the able-bodied laborers of Paris, whose wages, at the present cost of water, would absorb forty millions of dollars yearly.

The city of Dijon has been the first to execute the labor of bringing a proper supply of pure water into the dwellings of its inhabitants. At an expense of sixty-three millions of dollars, an aqueduct, in solid masonry, thirty three miles in length, now brings the waters of the Rosoir into the city, furnishing a mass of water that gives an average of 80 gallons per head, daily, for the whole population. This water, derived from the calcareous formation of the Jura, is pure, limpid, and of most excellent quality. It reaches the town in three hours and a half from the moment of leaving its source; and the total expense of its distribution, comprising the reservoirs and pipes into the interior of the city and houses, has averaged only some nine dollars per head.

Marseilles, which is just rebuilding and enlarging itself in so vast a scale, has already executed a magnificent canal at a cost of six millions of dollars, which brings the waters of the Durance into its walls—but this supply is insufficient, and other works of a similar character will soon be begun.

At Lyons, the General Water Company has commenced a system of water works which will force up the waters of the Rhone, by means of three Cornish steam engines, furnishing 75,000 cubic feet of water daily. Bordeaux has also commenced an aqueduct, twenty-seven miles in length, which will bring an ample supply of pure water to the entrance of the town, where it will be forced up, by steam power, into a reservoir overlooking its highest quarter. Nantes, Nismes and Havre are also busy in preparing to execute similar works; and the Municipality of Paris is examining a project for bringing hither the waters of the Somme-Soude, in Champagne. This project, if adopted, will involve a large expenditure, for the aqueduct would be nearly 112 miles in length; but the supply thus obtained would be of the finest quality, and would yield 750,000 cubic feet of water daily, a quantity which, considering the rapidity with which the population of Paris is now increasing, would not seem to be too abundant.

Mr. Armaud d'Ifarembert, who has made a long study of the science of phrenology, has just come out with a modification of the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim, which he considers sufficiently important to merit a new name. His system, which is called *cephalometry*, cuts down the thirty-six bumps of his predecessors to the modest number of fourteen; seven for the faculties of the soul, seven for the instincts. The first consist of five moral faculties given to the human race only—(Penetration, Equity, Respect, Imagination, Harmony,)—and of two auxiliaries—(Local Memory and Sound Memory,) common to men and animals. The primitive instinctive organs, seven in number, and common to men and animals, are Circumspection, Perseverance, Pride, Sympathy, Amativeness, Inoffensiveness, and Alimentiveness. The value of this new classification I leave to those versed in the subject to decide.

A good deal is being said just now of the importance of introducing into marshy localities the wax-plant (*myrica cerifera*), which has been lately planted with great success in a damp part of the Department of the Isere. According to a recent report on the subject, read by M. Veriot before the Horticultural Society, this tree, besides yielding a valuable crop of wax, possesses the still more valuable quality of rendering marshy regions healthy through the strongly odoriferous exhalations of its leaves.

QUANTUM.

☞ General Quitman is reputed to have said a good thing on the morning of the battle of Monterey. He was observed to go into the field in full uniform. A friend remonstrated with him, urging that he would make himself a very conspicuous mark for the enemy. The pages of ancient and modern history are challenged to produce a more heroic reply than he made: "*The more balls aimed at me, the less will be directed at my men.*"

☞ A NEW SPECIES OF CAGED BIRD.—An English officer, Colonel Anstruther, C.B., who recently arrived at Madras, was taken prisoner in the Chinese war, and shown about to the Celestials in a cage.

☞ CAUTION TO KEEPERS OF POULTRY.—Laburnum seed is highly injurious to all kinds of poultry, and often poisons them.

☞ A SYMBOL OF THE FUTURE.—In New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together previous to their union.

☞ THEORY VERSUS PRACTICE.—A Mr. Sime once delivered a lecture at an hotel in Birmingham on artificial memory. A few minutes after the professor left the table, the waiter entered, and with uplifted hands and eyes exclaimed—"Well, I protest the memory man has forgotten his umbrella!"

☞ The German peasant has the smallest possible faith in theoretic knowledge. He thinks it rather dangerous than otherwise, as is well indicated by a Lower Rhenish proverb:—"One is never too old to learn, said an old woman; so she learned to be a witch."

☞ A correspondent wants to know if a joke is good for anything after it is "cracked."

☞ A SEVENTY-FOUR POUNDER.—A gentleman lately heard a laborer gravely inform two comrades that a "74 pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles."

☞ A BISHOP ANSWERED.—The late Prince Bishop of Wurzburg in one of his hunting parties met a poor boy attending some swine. The Prince among other questions asked him what his wages were as a swineherd. "A new suit and two pair of shoes every year," was the reply. "No more?" said the Prince. "Look at me; I am a shepherd too, but I wear better clothes and look better." "That may be, sir," said the boy, in his simplicity, "but I dare say you have more swine to keep than I have."

☞ Matthews, the comedian, when in America was much bored by a very stout old woman, who never saw him without detailing her complaints to him. One day, after running through the catalogue as usual, she added—"And then I was took with a pain in the small of my back, sir!" "In the *small* of your back, ma'am?" interrupted Matthews, losing all patience; "in Heaven's name! where can that be?"

☞ ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF JOURNALISM.—In addition to the innumerable other valuable blessings conferred by a civilized press, we may ask how would that large and untractable race of testy, restless, frumpish, surly old gentlemen, who have nothing to do, be able to get through the day without the aid of the newspaper? It is the only occupation they have—it is the solitary thing that keeps them quiet—it is the one talisman that prevents them from grumbling perpetually, morning, noon, and evening.—*Punch.*

NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

No. 6.

The finest distant view of the Mountain House is from the Hudson River below Catskill landing. When the sun lights it up its white walls stand out with perfect distinctness, though at so great a distance, appearing half way up the mountain instead of near the summit. As the boat went down the river we watched that white spot on the mountain side as long as it was visible. What a welcome place of refuge it must look to those who have just escaped from the heat and noise of the great city to which we were bound!

As Newburgh came in sight we looked eagerly for Downing's house. There was no one to point it out, but on a rising ground stood a mansion built in the Elizabethan style, the only one of the kind to be seen, and we fixed upon it with almost certainty as the home of him to whose taste and refinement thousands of homes throughout our wide-spread land are indebted for the beauty that makes them attractive. Newburgh appears from the river quite a pretty place.

From West Point down the traveller should keep his eyes wide open, for here is the richest portion of that superb scenery that has given the banks of the Hudson a world-wide fame. After the tour we had taken it impressed us less than if we had been just from the city. The rapid travelling of modern days is not favorable to the fullest enjoyment of scenery. We should like to have taken with Washington Irving, "a voyage up the Hudson in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time; but we enjoyed the river then—we relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip, not, as at present, gulphing all down at a draught without tasting it."

Sunnyside, the old "Wolfert's Roost," was of course one of the spots we were most anxious to identify, but it was not easy to do so, for just in the neighborhood are several of the loveliest little nests among the trees that a poet could wish for a home. In all our beautiful country there is probably no choicer place to live than the banks of the Hudson. It is becoming quite thickly studded with handsome residences on the eastern side, apparently adding to its manifold advantages the crowning luxury of refined society. Opposite the Palisades we could see some special pains taken to enjoy the view—round openings cut through the thick foliage, and little airy summer houses of graceful design perched out upon commanding points of rock. Forrest's ambitious failure, the feudal castle set up on the greensward like a giant's toy, was just what we expected to see—a building as imposing yet as devoid of correct taste as its owner's acting.

Travellers that come down direct from the mountains into the streets of New York are severe judges of their atmosphere. The general want of purity oppressed us almost insupportably. At the St. Nicholas we were assured by the complacent waiter that the best of everything was secured for that house; and so perhaps it is in some things—the best carpets for walking, the best couches for lounging, the best food for eating, but the best air for breathing! very far from it—how gladly we would have exchanged our fine rooms at the St. Nicholas for a hut on the hill side.

The next morning we crossed over to Brooklyn, and that seemed a right pleasant place to live in, clean and handsome. The cars drawn by horses took us out near Greenwood. It is a luxuriously easy mode of riding. We felt inclined to favor its adoption in our own city. Greenwood is well worth a visit. Our driver stopped of his own accord at all the most interesting monuments, at the same time giving their history—an old story to him but edifying to his hearers.

We never quite understood the love of a noisy city, the aversion to a quiet one, so often expressed by New Yorkers, until we stood on a balcony of the St. Nicholas, and gazed untiringly up and down Broadway upon the ever-rolling tide of human life. There is a charm in it—an attraction proportioned to its incessant activity. It fascinates the eye like the ceaseless rolling up and breaking of the waves of the sea. And it no more disturbs your night's repose than the roar of the ocean or of Niagara.

On leaving New York, we missed the full sight of its fine harbor, second in beauty only to the Bay of Naples, for a heavy gray mist and falling rain curtained off all the view. But we cared little for any such loss. Home was before us, and the most attractive aspect of Nature's face could not rival the sweet childish faces awaiting us there. It had been good to go—it was better still to return. The memory of a trip so entirely pleasant is a rich possession for the rest of life; and the slightest occurrence may at any time brighten up your picture till it flash out with all its primal power to invigorate and cheer. An enthusiastic young friend of ours was walking wearily through the city streets, when she looked up suddenly and saw "Tamaqua Coal!" Simply an announcement of the article, but a vision of the glorious mountain-land with the full breath of its inspiration swept from out her memory, and she went her way with winged feet, a recreated spirit.

And then how complacently and even affectionately we can survey the dilapidations of our wardrobe, each item of destruction recalling, as it does, some delightful association. Especially the bonnet, which of course has gone with us everywhere. The gloss of its newness vanished with the first long day's journey that bore us like disembodied spirits over the wondrous passes of that mountain-road, and dropped us, weary and dusty, at beautiful Elmira. Those ribbons lost their bravery in the spray of Niagara, when we looked from the cabin-window of the daring little steamer upon the most magnificent vision that ever loomed up before our bewildered eyes. This grievous dint recalls the transport of that brightest morning when, threading the narrow pathway in the river's channel, we bowed our heads beneath the rocks of romantic Trenton. Those green streamers dipped into the water when we bent over the boat side to peer into the crystal deeps of Lake George. And these stains are the mark of water-drops that trickled down the tremendous precipices above us, as we stood at the bottom of the mountain gorge of Kauterskill. So the faded wreck that a milliner would scorn is to our illumined eyes a perfect treasury of delight.

FIRST SALE OF LAND IN KANSAS TERRITORY.—The President has issued his proclamation authorizing the sale of the eastern portion of the Delaware Trust Lands in Kansas Territory. The sale is to take place on the 20th of October, at Fort Leavenworth. These lands, says the Union, have been classified and appraised, and will not be sold for less than the appraised value. The towns and cities laid out on these lands will be sold in lots and blocks. The number of acres to be offered for sale is about 209,832, and the quality of the land is unsurpassed, perhaps, by any other equal body of land in the United States; and the location of the tract, lying and being around Fort Leavenworth, is very eligible, and most desirable for a residence.

TRIAL OF CONDUCTOR HOPPEL.—The Grand Jury of Montgomery county have found sixty-five charges of manslaughter and sixty-three charges of misdemeanor against the late conductor on the North Pennsylvania Railroad. The case was to have commenced in the Montgomery County Court, at Norristown, Penna., last week, but as a number of important witnesses were absent, on motion of the prisoner's counsel, it was postponed until the second Tuesday in November next. Mr. Hoppel is still suffering from the effects of his injuries.

A NEW MOVEMENT.—Bishop Polk of Louisiana publishes a letter in the New Orleans Delta, advocating the adoption of a system of exclusively Southern education for Southern youth. The New Orleans Delta defines the Bishop's purpose to be "to organize Southern education and build up Southern institutions as part of a general system of defence." For this purpose he has addressed a circular letter to the Bishops of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, Florida, and South and North Carolina.

CONGRESS.

The two Houses of Congress reassembled on the 21st, in accordance with the President's proclamation.

The galleries of both Houses were crowded to excess, and intense interest was every where manifested.

SENATE.—The Senate was called to order at 12 o'clock, 36 Senators being present.

The President's proclamation, convening the two Houses of Congress in extra session, was read.

On motion of Mr. Hunter, the Secretary of the Senate was ordered to acquaint the House that a quorum was assembled, and that the Senate was ready to proceed to business.

The Private Secretary of the President was announced, and presented a message from the President, which was read as follows:—

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

In consequence of the failure of Congress, at its recent session, to make provisions for the support of the Army, it became imperatively incumbent on me to exercise the power which the Constitution confers on the Executive for extraordinary occasions, and promptly to convene the two Houses, in order to afford them an opportunity of reconsidering a subject of such vital interest to the peace and welfare of the nation. With the exception of a partial authority, vested by law in the Secretary of War, to contract for the supply of clothing and subsistence, the army is wholly dependent on the appropriations annually made by Congress. The omission of Congress to act in this respect before the termination of the fiscal year, had already caused embarrassments to the service, which were overcome only in the expectation of appropriations before the close of the present month. If the requisite funds be not speedily provided, the Executive will no longer be able to furnish the transportation, equipments, and munitions, which are essential to the effectiveness of a military force in the field. With no provision for the pay of troops, the contracts of enlistment would be broken, and the army must, in effect, be disbanded, the consequences of which would be so disastrous as to demand all possible efforts to avert the calamity.

It is not merely that the officers and enlisted men of the army are to be thus deprived of the pay and emoluments to which they are entitled by the standing laws, but the construction of arms at the public armories, the repair and construction of ordnance at the arsenals, and the manufacture of military clothing and camp equipage must be discontinued, and the persons connected with this branch of the public service, thus be deprived, suddenly, of the employment essential to their subsistence. Nor is it merely the waste consequent on the forced abandonment of the sea-board fortifications and of the inferior military posts and other establishments, and the enormous expense of recruiting and reorganizing the army, and again distributing it over the vast regions which it now occupies. These are evils which may, it is true, be repaired hereafter by taxes imposed on the country. But other evils are involved, which no expenditures, however lavish, could remedy, and in comparison with which local and personal injuries or interests sink into insignificance.

A great part of the army is situated on a remote frontier, or in the deserts and mountains of the interior. To discharge large bodies of men in such places, without the means of regaining their homes, and where few, if any, could obtain subsistence by honest industry, would be to subject them to suffering and temptation, with a disregard of justice and right most derogatory to government.

In the Territories of Washington and Oregon, numerous bands of Indians are in arms, and are waging a war of extermination against the white inhabitants, and although our troops are actively carrying on the campaign, we have no intelligence of a successful result. On the Western plains, notwithstanding the imposing display of military force recently made there, and the chastisement inflicted on the rebellious tribes, others, far from being dismayed, have manifested hostile intentions, and been guilty of outrages which, if not designed to provoke a conflict, serve to show that the apprehension of it is insufficient wholly to restrain their vicious propensities. A strong force in the State of Texas has produced a temporary suspension of hostilities there, but in New Mexico incessant activity on the part of the troops is required to keep in check the marauding tribes which infest that Territory. The hostile Indians have not been removed from the State of Florida, and the withdrawal of the troops therefrom, leaving that object unaccomplished, would be most injurious to the inhabitants, and a breach of the positive engagements of the General Government. To refuse supplies to the army, therefore, is to compel the complete cessation of all its operations, and its practical disbandment, and thus to invite the hordes of predatory savages from the Western plains and the Rocky Mountains, to spread devastation along a frontier of more than four thousand miles in extent, and to deliver up the sparse population of a vast tract of country to rapine and murder.

Such, in substance, would be the direct and immediate effects of the refusal of Congress for the first time in the history of the Government, to grant supplies for the maintenance of the army; the inevitable waste of millions of public treasure; the infliction of extreme wrong upon all persons connected with the military establishment, by service, employment or contracts; the recall of our forces from the field; the fearful sacrifice of life and incalculable destruction of property on the remote frontiers; the striking of our national flag on the battlements of the fortresses which defend our maritime cities against foreign invasion; the violation of the public honor and good faith, and the discredit of the United States in the eyes of the civilized world.

I confidently trust that these considerations, and others appertaining to the domestic peace of the country, which cannot fail to suggest themselves to every patriotic mind, will, on reflection, be duly appreciated by both Houses of Congress, and induce the assent of the requisite provisions of law for the support of the Army of the United States.

Washington, Aug. 21, 1856. FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Mr. Hunter submitted a resolution, suspending so much of the 21st rule, as requires six days to elapse from the commencement of the session, before resuming the consideration of the bills, &c., remaining undetermined at the close of the last session, so far as relates to the Army Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Seward said, that as he had no desire to expedite the passage of that bill, in such a way as to interfere with the free action of the House, he should call the yeas and nays on the resolution, remarking that he had paired off with Mr. Toombs, and should not therefore vote.

The resolution passed—yeas 35, nays 6.

A resolution was adopted continuing the Standing Committees of last session.

A joint resolution from the House, providing for the signature of such bills as failed for want of time to receive the signature of the presiding officer of each House, or of the President of the United States, was concurred in. Adjourned.

On the 22nd, the Army Appropriation Bill was received from the House.

Mr. Hunter said there was no necessity for its reference, as it was precisely the same as that lost on Monday last. It was not his purpose to debate the bill, and he thought the question at issue should be decided to-day. He moved to strike out the Kansas restrictive proviso.

Mr. Seward agreed with Mr. Hunter, that the subject was perfectly understood. He had heretofore said what he wanted to say, and contented himself by demanding the yeas and nays, stating that he had paired off with Mr. Toombs.

The motion to strike out the proviso prevailed—yeas 35, nays 7, and the bill then passed.

The Senate having received a message relative to the action of the House on the Army Bill, insisted on their amendment.

Subsequently, a message being received from the House that they adhere, Mr. Hunter thought that, under the circumstances, the bill should be allowed to fall, and moved that the Senate adhere.

Mr Bell, of Tennessee, said that the House had taken a very unusual, unparliamentary and inexcusable course. The proviso was after all, but an abstract idea, since Congress could never control the Executive in the discharge of his duties. He hoped the bill would not be allowed to fall—and suggested asking for a Committee of Conference.

Mr. Hunter replied that if he believed a Committee of Conference could agree, he would consent; but the action of the two Houses on the former bill, and the vote of the House of Representatives to adhere now, had satisfied him that there was no hope of passing the bill in a proper form. He would preserve the Constitution and let the Appropriation Bill fall if necessary.

Mr. Cass regarded this as the most solemn crisis that had ever occurred in the history of the country, and hoped that the people would awake to a sense of their danger before it was too late.

Mr. Wade argued that instead of the House trying to dictate to the Senate, the Senate were in fact trying to dictate to the House. He urged the propriety of receding, so as to pass the bill.

Without concluding, the Senate adjourned.

On the 23d, Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, rose to make a personal explanation. He read an extract from the Philadelphia Ledger, containing sketches of the speech of Mr. Trumbull, in that city, in which he (Mr. T.) was represented as saying that Mr. Jones was a man that had never told a political truth in his life. He took this opportunity to have the correction made public, as he had been assured by Mr. Trumbull that the latter had been misreported.

Mr. Trumbull stated that he had used no such language in relation to Mr. Jones.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Army Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Clayton said he was bound by no party ties, and had no other object in remaining in public life but the good of the country. He deeply deplored that the House had resolved to adhere to their amendment, as thereby the Senate was driven to the necessity either to recede or adhere; at the proper time he would introduce a resolution for the appointment of a committee of seven members on the part of the Senate and eleven on the part of the House, to take into consideration the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the Army Bill, with a view to arranging the details and settling the difference between them, and to report to their respective branches. The Senate had agreed to adhere to their amendment, striking out the Kansas restriction; but, notwithstanding, he believed his proposition could be made acceptable. It would compromise the honor of neither House, and might save the army from a disastrous fate, and preserve peace in the territories where there is now civil war, and perhaps preserve the Union.

Mr. Hunter said no such resolution was now in order. By the Senate's adhering, this bill would be lost, but that which failed on Monday, and was now on the table of the House, might be taken up. To adhere would merely be to express an opinion relative to this bill. He understood, furthermore, that it was probable that a new one would be introduced in the House by the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Toucey spoke in strong terms of condemnation of the action of the House in sending to the Senate the Army Bill under circumstances declaring that they will stop the wheels of Government, unless the Senate will yield their opinion and concur in the legislation of the House. He regarded this conduct as not simply unconstitutional, but in the highest degree revolutionary. If the House could enforce obnoxious legislation and coerce the Senate upon one subject, they might upon another. They might refuse appropriations for the Judiciary the Executive, unless the action of these departments of the Government be satisfactory.

Mr. Benjamin said the House had nothing to act upon, and expressed the hope that by general consent the vote would be taken first and the discussion go on afterwards.

Mr. Trumbull thought the House were obliged to act as they did, since Mr. Hunter had moved that the Senate insist, but did not ask for a Committee of conference. This was regarded by the House as an act of discourtesy, for it was usual for the insisting body to ask for a conference.

Mr. Hunter replied that he did not intend discourtesy towards the House, nor did he suppose they so regarded it. The same course was adopted on the Civil Bill, and the House receded. He thought that was the best way to settle the difficulty, and hence adopted that course.

Mr. Seward stated that he should not vote, having paired off with Mr. Toombs, and Mr. Fish had paired off with Mr. Fitzpatrick.

The motion to adhere was then agreed to—yeas 35, nays 9, namely, Messrs. Bell, of Tenn., Clayton, Durkee, Foot, Foster, Harlan, Trumbull, Wade and Wilson.

Mr. Clayton then submitted the resolution of which he had given notice.

Mr. Seward objecting, the Chair said the resolution must lie over one day.

Mr. Clayton earnestly appealed to Mr. Seward to withdraw his objection, and allow the matter to be discussed, as this was an alarming crisis, and all possible means should be used to avert the loss of the Army Appropriations.

Mr. Seward said there was no Senator to whom he would more cheerfully yield in a matter of courtesy, than to the Senator from Delaware, but on this point he could not yield consistently with his sense of duty. He entertained no fears or alarms of such disastrous consequences as Mr. Clayton had predicted. He had before seen times when it was feared that the country was in danger, but he thought that there was no more real danger now than on previous occasions. Whether the two Houses agreed or disagreed, their action was constitutional, and he was willing to let the issue go to the country for their verdict. He was opposed to the appointment of a Committee of seven to meet a Committee of eleven of the House. That was an extraordinary and unusual course, and he never knew any good result from such measures. He was satisfied his course was right, and therefore persisted in his objection.

No further business coming up, the Senate adjourned till Monday.

On the 24th, Mr. Weller gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to abrogate certain laws enacted by the Legislature of Kansas. It is the same as the 18th section of the Senate Kansas Bill, abolishing test oaths, and providing for freedom of speech and of the press, and the security of the people in person and property, in accordance with the constitution, &c.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on the 21st, 179 members answered to their names upon the calling of the roll.

On motion of Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, the Speaker was directed to appoint Standing Committees similar to those of the last session.

A joint committee was appointed by both Houses to wait on the President and inform him that a quorum of each had assembled, and were ready to receive any communication he may be pleased to make.

Mr. Smith, of Va., made an ineffectual attempt to introduce a resolution looking to the employment of Vanderbilt's proposed line between New York and the ports of Europe, for carrying the mails.

Many other propositions were broached and objected to, several members expressing the hope that no new business would be introduced.

A Message from the President was received and read, and, on motion of Mr. Campbell, referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Phelps wished to introduce an Army Appropriation Bill, similar to the bill pending at the adjournment, with the exception of the Kansas proviso.

Mr. Washburne, of Me., objected.

The House then took a recess of one hour.

Upon the re-assembling of the House, Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, asked leave to report the same bill which died on Monday in consequence of the disagreeing amendments of both Houses.

Mr. Stephens would not yield his consent to reporting a bill with the Kansas restrictive proviso.

Mr. Campbell—If the House wish to vote it in, on them rest the responsibility.

Mr. Stephens—I want an Army Bill proper.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, was anxious to concur with the Senate in suspending the Twenty-First Rule. The House could then proceed at once to vote on the contested question.

After some further conversation, the Committee of Ways and Means being called for reports in regular order, Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, reported the bill.

Mr. Orr raised a question that the proviso proposed to change existing laws, and therefore was not germane to the bill.

The Speaker overruled the point of order, and Mr. Orr appealing from the decision, the appeal was laid on the table—yeas 96, nays 79.

The House then, by a vote of 101 to 75, went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, made an ineffectual attempt to have a substitute for the bill adopted, containing a section declaring the laws of the Kansas Legislature void, and providing for a re-organization of the Territory by a new election, as entirely as if no effort to that end had heretofore been made.

The bill, precisely as lost on Monday, including the Kansas restriction proviso, was then reported from the Committee of the Whole, and passed—yeas 83, nays 83. Adjourned.

On the 23d, on motion of Mr. Kelly, a resolution was adopted, requesting the Speaker to draw his warrant in favor of Francis Childs, for mileage and per diem for the last session during which he had not appeared in the House in consequence of illness.

A message was received from the Senate, announcing the passage of the Army Bill, with an amendment striking out the Kansas restrictive proviso.

The question was then taken in the House on receding from the proviso, and it was lost—yeas 95, nays 94.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, moved to reconsider the vote and to lay that motion on the table. Carried by two majority.

A message was received from the Senate in regard to its action on the Army Bill.

Mr. Campbell moved that the House insist on their proviso, and ask a Committee of Conference.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia—Allow me to make a motion that the House recede, and regard this as a test question.

Mr. Campbell—I'll not yield my point at this stage of the game.

Mr. Campbell's motion was then lost by three majority.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, moved that the House recede. Lost—yeas 94, nays 96.

Mr. Washburn, of Maine, moved that the House adhere to its disagreement.

Mr. Orr—What will be the effect of adhering?

Cries of "Order," "Order."

The Speaker—Debate is not admissable.

Mr. Cobb, of Ga.—You reject the bill by adhering.

Mr. Washburne's motion was then agreed to—yeas, 97; nays, 93.

Mr. Babcock voted in the affirmative, with a view to induce a reconsideration, but did not succeed in obtaining the floor for that purpose.

Mr. Washburn moved to reconsider the vote by which the House adhered to its proviso, and to lay that motion on the table.

The motion was agreed to by one majority.

Mr. Sherman asked leave to offer a resolution for an adjournment, *sine die*, this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Mr. Millson made an ineffectual effort to reconsider the vote by which the House agreed to insist on the Kansas amendment, and ask for a Committee of Conference.

Mr. Orr, during the proceedings, said the House will, doubtless, to-morrow, be under the necessity of proceeding with general legislation.

After various unsuccessful motions to adjourn, a short recess was taken to await the action of the Senate.

The House afterwards merely re-assembled and adjourned.

On the 24th—Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, in view of the news from Kansas and the differences existing between the two Houses, asked the unanimous consent of the House to offer a resolution that a select committee of thirteen be appointed by the Speaker, to confer with a similar committee from the Senate, to consider the affairs of Kansas, with power to report by bill or otherwise.

Mr. Matteson and others objected.

Mr. Campbell gave notice that he will move to suspend the rules on Monday, for the introduction of the resolution.

Mr. Blair made an ineffectual motion to proceed to the election of a Chaplain.

Mr. Matteson offered a preamble and resolutions setting forth that the joint resolution for the annexation of Texas is irrepealable by either of the contracting parties, without the consent of the other, and is not repealed by the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and therefore slavery, except for crime, is all that part of the former province of Louisiana, north of 36 30, is, and remains prohibited; and further asserting that the joint resolution of annexation, besides being a compact with Texas, is a compromise between the Free States and the Slave States, and any attempt at the admission of a greater number of Slave States north of that latitude, is a violation of said compromise, and a direct attack upon the harmony and stability of the Union.

On motion of Mr. Dunn, the resolutions were laid on the table—yeas 101, nays 83.

Mr. Sage offered a resolution directing the Committee on the Judiciary to consider the propriety of re-organizing or abolishing the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia.

The House, on motion of Mr. Cobb, of Ga., concurred in the resolution of the Senate, suspending the 21st rule in order that the former army bill may be taken from the table.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, made an unsuccessful suggestion that the House insist on its disagreement, and ask a committee of conference.

Mr. Cobb, of Ga., moved that the House recede from the Kansas proviso. Negatived—yeas 97, nays 100.

Mr. Washburne, of Me., moved that the House adhere. Agreed to—yeas 98, nays 97. Adjourned.

On the 25th, Mr. Clingman offered a resolution directing the Sergeant at Arms to arrest and bring before the bar of the House, all such members as are absent from the city, and that the Clerk of the House cause copies of the resolution to be telegraphed to the Capitol of each State, and have the same published in two papers of the largest circulation in each State, the expense to be paid out of the contingent fund.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, objected on the ground that the rules afforded ample remedy to compel the attendance of absentees.

Mr. Clingman moved a suspension of the rules in order to introduce his resolution. The motion was disagreed to, yeas 87, nays 89.

Fall of the "Old Charter Oak."

(From the Hartford Times, Aug. 21.)

The famous Old Charter Oak of this city, so noted in song and history, fell with a tremendous crash during the great storm, at a quarter before one o'clock this morning, Aug. 21, 1856.

This noble old tree stood upon the beautiful grounds of Hon. Isaac W. Stuart, late the Wyllys estate, in the southern part of the city. About three years ago some boys built a fire in the hollow of this tree, which burnt out the punk, and though it was feared that this would kill it, such was not the fact. Fresh sprouts sprung out the next spring, and Mr. Stuart took great pains to preserve this valued relic of the original forests to New England, but more especially interesting as the tree in which the old British charter of Connecticut was secreted and preserved. At this time the hollow in the trunk of the old oak was so large that a fire company of twenty-seven full-grown men stood up in it together.

Mr. Stuart had a stout door made to shut up the entrance, and he also placed tin caps upon the stumps of broken limbs, and for the past three or four years, fresh sprouts have grown upon most of its limbs, though other limbs were decaying. At the time of its fall, young and fresh acorns were growing on every part of it. Thousands of people are visiting the tree, and bringing away such sprigs and parts of limbs as Mr. Stuart permits.

Watchman Butler says he stood at the head of the street at the time of the crash. The wind had been blowing freshly from the northwest for an hour or more. He first heard a loud crack, and saw the Old Oak swaying in the breeze; a crackling noise followed, then the crash—all within the space of half a minute—and the famous monarch of the forest, whose history is so intimately entwined in that of Connecticut, was prostrate upon the earth! One thousand years ago

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY SARAH MARSHALL HAYDEN.

We were sitting one evening by the table reading, my father and I, he with his *National Intelligencer*, (to him the one great mental luxury of years,) and I with a book, when the tones of my mother's voice, ever sweet to me as the music of Heaven, fell on my ear, and gradually drew my attention from the subject before me to that of her remarks. It was Death! a theme few like to dwell upon; and as she sat by the fireside with my two little sons on either side of her, she was seeking to remove the terror and gloom with which childhood, and age, too oft, alike regard it. She had shorn it of all repulsive features to them, by delineating it as God's messenger, sent to bring His straying children home to the beautiful city He had prepared for them, whose gates are aglow with priceless gems, and whose streets are paved with gold. Of the dread accompaniments of Death—the corpse and the grave—the one she termed but the opening of a door into a fairer, happier world; and the other, a slumberer, overcome with the heat and burden of the day, while the soul released from its duties here, had awakened to a purer, holier, more blissful life. "I would not," said she, with much earnestness, "have your childhood darkened as mine was by this subject. Death was to me a black spectre, from whose haunting presence many years of mature life alone served to free me."

"'Tell us all about it, grandmother, please do,' said my eldest boy, quickly recognizing in the closing remark the embryo of a story, the large experience of his grandmother's long and varied life having furnished many before of deep interest to him.

"You may think it strange," said she, "that in looking back through the long vista of years, to the remote time when the events I am about to narrate occurred, that they should arise with such vivid distinctness to my view. Strange that the mass of years should not have obliterated the characters of early memory; but not so, they become but the more deeply ingrained as Time sweeps onward, while the things of the passing moment are those which leave no trace behind. It was in the midst of the great, boundless, almost unbroken wilderness of the West, that I was born; before (with but one or two exceptions) the foundations of the magnificent cities which now adorn it were laid. Many discomforts and privations attended my father's removal thither, but in the joy of an unbroken family circle (for he was accompanied by relatives) they were scarcely heeded. Locating on lands near the fort, they began to fell the forest that encumbered them, preparing the way for the golden harvest. The hours passed joyously to me. Beneath the pendulous boughs of the beech trees my play-house was made; the rich, dark grass, with its clumps of dandelions, violets and blue-bells, furnishing a carpet of beauty unsurpassed by the gorgeous fabrics of the eastern loom. And there I sat all the day long, arranging with an exquisite sense of happiness fragments of broken ware on rude shelves; or perchance, gazing (which I most loved to do) on the beautiful panorama of the skies, my luxuriant imagination giving to the richly-tinted clouds the form of castles, trees, towers, angels, armies, or snow-capped mountains. The sun of four summers had shone goldenly on my brow ere I knew what trouble or fear was. Then fell the first shadow on my being—it was the shadow of an awful fear, which paralyzed every joyous emotion of my bosom.

"My grandmother had a daughter but a few months my senior, and it was perhaps owing to this fact that I never received from her the loving caresses and words of fondness which are usually bestowed on grandchildren. For me, there were no pretty stories, no nice presents. They were all reserved for the child of her old age. One day, while at her house, my little aunt told me she and grandmother were going a visiting, and she would get us each a little dog. My joy was unbounded at the promised gift, and immediately my imagination began to picture how they would look, and what we should do with them. Of course, they would be beautiful with their soft, furry backs and bright eyes. They, unlike the senseless things, which fantastically dressed I had termed babies, and upon which I had wasted my overflowing affections—unlike these, they would have life; would really eat when I essayed to feed them; would soon learn to know me, and, joy of all joys, would love me in return for my love. Ah! with this new gift, my cup of happiness would be full to the brim. I waited at grandmother's as patiently as the nature of the case admitted for their return, but night approached, and the shadows of the beech woods grew each moment more dense and dark, and I was forced to return home. Scarcely had I reached the greensward that surrounded my father's house, when I heard my aunt's voice dimly through the wood that intervened between our homes, calling me.

"'Oh, Amie, Amie, come here.'

"'Have you really got them?' I shouted back.

"'Yes, indeed; and they are so pretty. Green ones, and red ones, and blue and yellow.'

"The twilight was then waning into night, and I was forced sorrowfully to forego the pleasure until morning; but the first carol of the birds found me ready dressed for my grandmother's.

"'Mother,' said I, 'mayn't I go and see Sally's dogs. She wants me to, and, oh, they are so pretty.'

"Scarce waiting for a reply, I sped along the path with the fleetness of a fawn. Alas! for my highly wrought expectations. It was a cruel hoax she had played upon me. There were none there! and she laughed heartily at my credulity in believing there were dogs of such fanciful colors as she had named. I was still writhing under my disappointment, and the ridicule my too credulous temperament had subjected me to, when my mother came in. Chancing to make some allusion to my impatience to see Sally's new pets, grandmother told her Sally had none. Her countenance changed to an expression of grieved disappointment at this first effort at deception (as she believed it was) on my part, was made known to her. Calling me to her with a deeply reproving glance and tone, she said—

"'Why did you try to deceive me, Amie? You may indeed deceive me, but there is a God who sees and knows all you do, every word you say, and every single thought. Him you cannot deceive. Do you know the fate He has decreed to those who tell untruths? *They must die*, and then burn forever and ever in a sea of fire.'

"This last remark was uttered with the most solemn emphasis. Crushed and stricken to the soul by this rebuke, the first I had ever received in my life, and horrified at the enormity of my crime and the awful punishment that awaited it, I had no words for a time to explain the error. My utterance was paralyzed, and it was only after repeated efforts that the words came chokingly forth—

"'I thought she had—she said so,' as I flew from the room, to give vent in the solitude of my play-house to my agonized feelings.

"From that time forth I experienced such a sickness of the soul as no ailment of the body can compare. Alone and unhappy I sat all the day long pondering the appalling truths of my mother's lecture. '*To die!*' I knew not, to be sure, what that was, but I could form vivid conceptions of what burning forever in a sea of fire meant, and as death was connected with it as a part of the punishment it probably meant something equally terrible. What a frightful doom seemed mine. Heretofore I had sported life away with the lightness of heart of the birds and fawns around me; but now how changed was I, and all things; the mildew on my heart spreading its desolation even over the glories of creation. There was for me no more brightness in the sunbeam; no music in the bird's song; no sweetness in the flower; no beauty in the sky pictures! My mother, with the great, pressing, multitudinous cares of a family in a wilderness home resting on her, had no time to devote to her children, save what their actual wants required, and so my happiness was unperceived. She little knew of the grievous, crushing weight with which she had burdened my youthful spirits. Had she known, with that tender solicitude for her children's happiness which so eminently characterized her through life, she would have left no effort untried to remove it. And so the summer passed away, and one day in early autumn, as I sat in the curve of a felled poplar-tree that lay very near the house, seeking to drive off gloomy thoughts with the fancy that the tree was a horse, and I was riding ever so nicely, there came through the dense forest the sharp report of a gun. Simultaneously as it seemed to me, my mother appeared at the door, her face pale with affright, and calling me to her, said she knew by the report it was an Indian gun. She was what is termed an even-tempered woman, rarely ever exhibiting any signs of emotion or excitement; but upon this occasion her anxiety and even terror was plainly visible. This was heightened when we saw a young unmarried aunt hastening towards us with her children in her arms, and literally dragging another along in her haste to reach the house.

"'Are they all killed?' asked my mother, in a tone which indicated that she believed such to be the case.

"'I know not,' said aunt, sinking down on the floor with her burden, while mother again barred the door. 'I had gone to brother's on an errand, and was just starting home when the sound of the gun reached us. Soon we heard brother shouting for help, and sister, seizing his gun and ammunition, answered his call, and started in the direction of his voice, bidding me flee with the children.

"A half-an-hour or more passed in the greatest trepidation by all who were old enough to experience such a feeling, when uncle's and aunt's voices were heard relievingly without. But it was indeed an Indian gun that we had heard. Parties of Indians frequently, during times of peace, crossed from the Indiana shores, and took up their abode a few days near settlements to steal horses; oftentimes, too, as in the present instance, committing atrocious murders. Uncle said that he and his father-in-law had gone in search of straying horses—he with his axe on his shoulder, and Mr. McLean with his gun. They were returning, when Mr. McLean, pointing to a poplar tree of enormous size, which separated the road, remarked:

"'What a fine place for Indians to hide! They could kill passers by from either side!'

"They seemed the words of prophecy, for scarce had they passed his lips ere he was shot down! He fell across his weapon, the muzzle of which was toward uncle, who stooped instantly, and with a violent jerk, sought to obtain it; but the great weight of the old man prevented, and he turned and fled. The gun, then, that we had heard, had sent the soul of poor old Mr. McLean, without a moment's warning, into the presence of its God! and such would probably have been my uncle's fate, but for the intervention of a white man who accompanied the Indians. He had recognized in him an old acquaintance of his boyhood—one with whom he had once been forted. The white man had forsaken his race, preferring the Bedouin life of the savage, and he now represented to his Indian companions, in a few brief words, the advantage of sparing uncle's life, and making him a captive. He spoke of his bravery, his skill as a marksman, his fleetness of foot, all of which were qualities the Indian admired, whether in friend or foe, and so three Indians and the white man started in pursuit of him, while others remained with their victim. So close was the pursuit, he was once struck violently on the shoulder with a bow. Just then aunt answered his previous call, and fearing to be outnumbered by the approaching recruit, they turned and fled. Towards night, another family, terrified by the gun's report, came to seek shelter with us; perhaps that our house was deemed most secure, or by the fact that, by uniting forces they would be more able to resist an attack, if one were made. My father was not at home. He had been sent for at some distance to minister to a young brother-in-law who had been seriously wounded in attempting to fell a bee-tree, and who was unable to be removed home. Father remained with him through the night, (at the house near by which the accident had occurred,) all unconscious of the sad tragedy enacted hard by his home and little ones; and of the nervous anxiety of those sheltered by his roof. Never shall I forget the agony of my aunt, whose father it was that lay dead but a short distance from us, as the stillness of the night was broken by the piteous howlings of his dog, (who kept faithful watch beside the dead body of his master,) and the angry barking of the wolves, who were by this means disappointed of their prey.

"Well do I remember the anxious solicitude of my mother, about arranging the beds which were to hold her children, on that sad night. At one time she resolved to place them beneath the bedsteads, so that in case our foes forced an entrance into the house, the drapery would conceal us. Then she bethought herself, that in case of an attack they would most probably fire through the chinking of the logs, and our proximity to the walls would the more certainly expose us to their shot. At last she prepared a bed in the middle of the room—and with a countenance most sad, laid us down to sleep. Brightly burned the beechen logs all the night long on the ample hearthstone—but their cheering influence was unfelt by those whom they bathed in light. Almost in silence, and with ears painfully alert to catch the faintest sound without, they passed the long, long hours of darkness. At length the dull, heavy tread of approaching footsteps broke startlingly on them. Breathlessly they listened until the steps advanced quite to the door, and the latch was fumbled with rude violence. Not a word was spoken—but the men seized their guns determined to make all possible resistance for the helpless beings under their protection; when suddenly my mother's face brightened—'Those,' said she, 'are not human footsteps—I know them well—they are Trip's, Amie's colt—he comes thus *every* day to be fed;' and taking the cover from a jar of salt, she lifted up a handful of the white, glistening particles, and started towards the door. My uncle, rather angrily, detained her, telling her the door should not be unclosed, that if she had no fears herself, she should not expose others to the risk of becoming victims of the murderous tomahawk. When they all became convinced that the outsiders were not foes, the door was cautiously opened, mother sprinkling the salt on the doorstep to induce the horses to remain near by, lest they might be stolen by the Indians. Uncle held the candle, and as the light fell upon the horses, all within who were looking at them, exclaimed with surprise to find them dripping with water, and panting as though they had been running long and fast. Some months afterwards at a treaty, uncle learned from the white man, before mentioned as living with the Indians, that they had captured many horses at that time, and taken them over the river to their territory, and that those two had escaped—and also, at the same time, he learned the facts in regard to the sparing his life when Mr. McLean's was taken. The horses had swam the river, and rapidly returned homeward, to cheer the drooping spirits of our gloomy household—for it was well known to all present that the horse, with an instinct more than human, knew of, and dreaded the approach of the Indian afar off—showing by agitation his knowledge of their coming. Their present quietness removed all fears that there were any in our vicinity.

"The time now drew near when the mystery, which for months had reached my feeble intellect should have a solution, I should know what was meant by death. In the morning father returned, and Mr. M'Lean was brought in and laid out. All trod with a noiseless step, and lowered their tones to a melancholy whisper. I was miserable, I knew not why, but a strange feeling of awe and terror was upon me. They said he was dead! Dead. Oh, that horrible phantasy which for months had pursued me—Dead, oh what is death?' thought I; and now the hour was accomplished when I might stand in its dread presence, and learn what death really was. I stole to the half-open door to see how this strangely mysterious thing affected him. My first frightened glance revealed him lying cold, stark and stiff, with his huge feet upturned, and his head bound with a white handkerchief to conceal the scalping. I fled in terror to the sunny greensward, where all was bright and joyous, for there was no *death* there. There I sat seeking to regain my composure, until my curiosity was attracted to some men carrying by a long, narrow box, with which they entered the room where Mr. McLean lay. I arose and returned to the house and found them fastening the lid upon it. I darted to my mother's side, and clutching her nervously, asked what the box was for. In a low, sorrowful whisper she told me it was Mr. McLean's coffin—they had put him in it, and were going to bury him in the ground. Horrified at the idea I felt myself gasping for breath, as I asked, 'How can he breathe in that tight box? Take him out, take him out, he can't get his breath,' and a deep sense of suffocation overpowered me.

"'Hush,' said my mother, as she bent over me, trying to calm my painfully aroused sympathies—'he is dead, and will never breathe again.'

"'Mother,' said I, 'did he tell stories?'

"'No, certainly not,' said she in surprise at the question and its abruptness.

"'You said liars died, and he is dead.' She did not reply to me then, but took occasion after he had been conveyed away over the green fields to his last resting place in grandfather's meadow, to tell me, that all who lived had to die. That the world itself, and all it contained would be destroyed. That God upon a certain day would judge us all, taking home to Heaven the good, and sending the wicked away to regions of endless sorrow. It was a hurried conversation, the fragment of time which was alone at her disposal not permitting an explanation of these mysterious truths. She hastened to the discharge of her domestic duties, which the interruption of Mr. McLean's death had caused to accumulate on her hands, and I was left in a yet more hopeless state of wretchedness. The last sunbeam of life seemed quenched by the information she had first imparted. Day after day I sat with eyes fastened on the skies in a profound and gloomy abstraction. If we were always doing and saying and thinking evil, and God knew it and would judge us for it, I would quit talking, thought I; yes I would quit eating, too, and die at once. I even tried to stifle thought. Would that I could so have done, but that resisted the fetters I sought to throw round it, and became a fiend goading me on almost to madness. If a dark cloud appeared on the horizon, 'There,' said I, 'is a spy come to watch me. The world, the world is coming to an end!' Mother supposed I was playing with the little folks of the neighboring farms; but no sport could draw me from my reveries. When they came again and again to entice me away, I sought to relieve my overburdened heart by telling them of the terrible things which alone occupied my mind—how that there was no more use to play and be happy for we all had to die, and the world was to be burnt up, and we, too, for we were all so wicked. But this knowledge, which had made so deep an impression on my morbid sensibilities, was scarce heeded by them. Of hardier, more mercurial temperaments they made light of it, and said it couldn't be so, there wasn't a word of truth in it—the world was too large to be burnt, and too pretty—some folks had died, to be *sure*, and some might again, but not us or our mothers.

"These," said she, "were my first impressions of Death. It has long lost all its terrors, and I now await, with a calm and peaceful pleasure, its coming; recognizing in it no longer the enemy, but the friend of man, since through it he may see God, and be forever with Him."

Lowering her voice from the semi-tone in which she had been speaking, so as not to disturb us, she musingly muttered:

"Ah, mothers! mothers! Careless players on heart-strings, which are made to thrill with joy by loving acts and words of tenderness, or sigh in sorrow by harshness and neglect, or moan in agony at some rebuke which chills and crushes the soul!"

MAJOR ANDRE.—Major Andre, the circumstances of whose lamented death are to well-known to make it necessary for me to detail them here, was a friend of Miss Seward's, and, previously to his embarkation for America, he made a journey into Derbyshire to pay her a visit, and it was arranged that they should ride over to see the wonders of the Peak, and introduce Andre to Newton, her minstrel, as she called him, and to Mr. Cunningham, the curate, who was also a poet. Whilst these two gentlemen were awaiting the arrival of their guests, of whose intentions they had been apprised, Mr. Cunningham mentioned to Newton that on the preceding night he had had a very extraordinary dream, which he could not get out of his head. He had fancied himself in a forest; the place was strange to him, and whilst looking about he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed, who had scarcely reached the spot where the dreamer stood, when three men rushed out of the thicket, and seizing his bridle, hurried him away, after closely searching his person. The countenance of the stranger being very interesting, the sympathy felt by the sleeper for his apparent misfortune awoke him; but he presently fell asleep again and dreamt that he was standing near a great city, amongst thousands of people, and that he saw the same person he had seen seized in the wood brought out and suspended to a gallows. When Andre and Miss Seward arrived, he was horror-struck to perceive that his new acquaintance was the antetype of the man in the dream.—*Mrs. Crowe.*

☞ ONE OF THE TOASTS.—"The Women of the Revolution—mothers of men and patriots; the Women of to-day—Hoop! hoop! hurrah!"

MARSHAL O'DONNELL, THE NEW SPANISH PREMIER.

TO THE HUMBLE BEE.

The editor of the London Literary Journal has said this poem of R. W. Emerson's might vie with Anacreon's "Ode to the Grasshopper."

Burly, dozing, Humble Bee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou estimated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert-cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within ear-shot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

When the South wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sods to violets,
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days and cold banks of flowers,
Of gifts of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catch-fly, adder's tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he past.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep—
Woe and want thou can'st out-sleep—
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THE ROSE.

Poets, lovers, concocters of light essays, and fashionable perfumers, are very much obliged to the Rose. When Kisfaludi brought the similes together for the purpose of a "strike," he made a great omission by leaving out this overworked flower. It has been marvellously ill-used. Shakspeare himself shows us the worm destroying the fairest roses, as love destroys the fairest souls. The old Latin maxim that the rose is born amid thorns (which is not the exact truth) is only a plagiarism from the old Israelitish proverb, that he who delighted his nose by walking on roses, may therewith find his feet full of unpleasant prickles. A French writer says that ingratitude is like the rose, which pricks him who cultivates it—as if ingratitude ever smelt sweet like the flower, or the flower had its thorns for any other but a wise purpose—namely, to "warn the touch while it charms the sense." Poetasters, too, have terribly abused the gentle rose; and when a poet has said a good thing of, or drawn a chastely sad illustration from it, he has been exposed to lose the credit due him. We may instance a case in point, the exquisite lines of Malherbe—

Et rose, elle a vecu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin,

which we recently saw attributed to Chateaubriand. Even the proverb-makers are at issue touching their roseate illustrations of wisdom; and while Zschokke's famous sayer of wise things, in Addrich im Moos, says *Zeit Bringt Rosen*, or other Teutonic authorities say *Zeit Bricht Rosen*. In this case, however, both are correct, for doubtless if Time brings, he also breaks, roses. Then, how fanciful have been the playful essayists on our blushing friend. Montaigne, for instance, thinks that she is all the sweeter for being in bad company? He does not, indeed, venture to say so on his own authority, but he remarks that *some* gardeners are of opinion that roses, and violets also, have a more beautiful odor when they are planted near beds of garlic and of onions, for the reason that they imbibe all bad odors, and by exquisite chemistry convert them into essences divine. Although Reynolds asserts that "*they* say those roses are sweetest which have stinking weeds grow under them," and Mr. Warter recollects seeing rue planted under the double yellow rose—we should prefer having the flowers without the onions. The assertion of the author, therefore, that the idea was "peculiar to the ancients," is not correct. What induced Turkish ladies to compliment young mothers by sending them a gift of garlic mixed with roses, but thereby to convey the homely truth that the disagreeables of life are forever spoiling its sweets? Garlic mixed with roses! We infinitely prefer the *Lilia mixta rosis* of the joyous old poet who loved the flowers, and the wines too, which partook of their color and "bouquet."

To turn back to the volume before us. In the first place, despite a world of pleasant and profound lore touching its perfumed subject, it leaves us in doubt whether Rhodes was named from the rose, or "the full flower that rounds itself" from Rhodes, the form of which very fanciful persons thought it resembled. To the four sorts of rose first known to all natives of Greece, we have not added above a dozen and a half in so many centuries. The last was the tea-rose, first introduced into England, from China, in 1823. The most famous roses were those of Pestum and Samos, happy localities, where the rose-trees bloomed twice every year. At Pestum there is now only a nasty smell; the vase is broken and the scent of the roses does not hang round it still. The tallest rose tree we ever heard of is the one mentioned in the notes (which outweigh the text) in this book. It was at Sans Souci, and was thirty feet high; but it was trained against a wall, which certainly diminishes the wonder. To plant the tree in ancient times served for ends that are attained now in various ways—it commemorated the dead, celebrated events, illustrated anniversaries, and had many pleasant significations besides. Whole ship-loads of roses were brought to Rome. There were shops in which nothing else was sold; and the artistically-woven garlands were held in such esteem, and the garland-makers in such honor, that the name of Glycera, of Sicyon, has survived as that of a celebrated artist, with whom, however, we imagine Constantine would not be afraid to enter into competition. Glycera, we must add, was so peculiarly admired, as well as generally celebrated, that her lover painted her portrait, and Lucullus gave no less than £300 sterling for a copy of it.

Whatever the time of the year, the Roman *must* have a rose in his wreath. "The commonest union was violet, myrtle, and rose." Stout old gentlemen who wished to drink unusually deep without feeling unpleasant consequences, wore double wreaths about their heads and necks, as preservatives! The generous rose, however, did something for the ladies also. When the renowned and not over-scrupulous Aspasia was a child, she had a wart on her face which defied nurses, doctors, and caustic. The pretty child cried herself to sleep one night at the blot on her beauty; and lo! while she slumbered, she saw Venus's dove, and the dove told her to take some rose-leaves from the statue of the goddess, and lay them to her cheek. The girl did so, full of faith, and she became as perfect in beauty as in intellect, and helped Pericles to corrupt the morals of the Athenians with infinite elegance. That the rose might be so drugged as to poison the wine into which it was thrown, and with which it was often drunk when the topers were at the height of their jollity, may be seen in Pliny; which passage many evil persons have read to infamous purpose, including Tawell, who thereby committed murder contrary to scientific evidence, but happily did not escape the gallows. In what is called the classical period, roses seem to have been employed on every occasion from birth to death, both inclusive, and to have made a part in every ceremony, public or private, joyous or saddening.

When Nero, however, honored the house of a Roman noble with his Imperial presence at dinner, there was something more than the flowers—the host was put to an enormous expense by having (according to loyal custom) all his fountains flinging up rose-water. While the jets were pouring out the fragrant liquid, while rose-leaves were on the ground, in the cushions on which the guests lay, hanging in garlands on their brows and in wreaths around their necks, the *couleur de rose* pervaded the dinner itself, and a rose pudding challenged the appetites of the guests. To encourage digestion there was rose-wine, which Heliogabalus was not only simple enough to drink, but extravagant enough to bathe in. He went even further, by having the public swimming baths filled with wine of roses and absinth. After breathing, wearing, eating, drinking, lying on, walking over, and sleeping upon roses, it is not wonderful that the unhappy ancient grew sick. His medical man touched his liver, and immediately gave him a rose draught. Whatever he ailed, the rose was made in some fashion or another to enter into the remedy for his recovery. If the patient died, as he naturally would, then of him more than of any other it might be truly said, that he "died of a rose in aromatic pain."

Among the last things treated of in this book is the origin of the rose, with which the essay would have more appropriately opened. The author notices the old traditions that it sprang from the blood of Adonis—that it was white and scentless till Venus trod upon one of its thorns, and with her blood gave it color and scent. There is a poetical tradition that Cupid gave color to the "Blush Rose" by holding it to Psyche's cheek. This is not noticed by the author; nor does he mention the fanciful origin of the rose as given by Maundeville, who tells us at some length that slander had brought a fair maiden of Bethlehem to the stake, and that at her prayer Heaven quenched the fire, and turned all the brands into rose trees, bearing white and red roses, the first "that ever ony man saughe." But we will say nothing further, lest our readers should be more like Peggy than Margaret, in that stanza of Hood's which is in itself a volume, and in which he says:—

And the other sex, the tender, the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there!—
Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes—
Poor Peggy hawks scoregays from street to street,
Till—think of that who find life so sweet—
She hates the smell of roses!

ELEPHANTINE WRESTLES OF JAPAN.—The attention of all was suddenly rivated upon a body of monstrous fellows, who tramped down the beach like so many large elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the princes, who kept them for their private amusement and for public entertainment. They were twenty-five in number, and were men enormously tall in stature, and immense in weight of flesh. * * * They were all so immense in flesh, that they appeared to have lost their distinctive features, and seemed to be only twenty-five masses of fat. Their eyes were barely visible through a long perspective of socket, the prominence of their noses was lost in the puffiness of their bloated cheeks, and their heads were almost set directly on their bodies, with merely folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found. Their great size, however, was more owing to the development of muscle than to the deposition of fat; for, although they were evidently well fed, they were not less well exercised, and capable of great feats of strength. As a preliminary exhibition of the power of these men, the princes set them to removing the sacks of rice to a convenient place on the shore for shipping. Each of the sacks weighed not less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and there were only a couple of wrestlers who did not carry each two sacks at a time. They bore the sacks on the right shoulder, lifting the first from the ground and adjusting it without help, but obtaining aid for raising the second. One man carried a sack suspended by his teeth, and another, taking one in his arms, turned repeated somersaults as he held it, and apparently with as much ease as if his tons of flesh had been only so much gossamer, and his load a feather.—*Narrative of Commodore Perry's Expedition.*

INVENTION OF STAYS.—Tradition insists that corsets were first invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century, as a punishment for his wife. She was very loquacious, and finding nothing would cure her, he put a pair of stays on her in order to take away her breath, and so prevent her, as he thought, from talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other heartless husbands, till at last there was scarcely a wife in all London who was not condemned to the like infliction. The punishment became so universal at last, that the ladies in their defence made a fashion of it, and so it has continued to the present day.

MARSHAL O'DONNELL, THE NEW SPANISH PREMIER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We give this week a portrait of the bold and unscrupulous politician, whose recent *coup d'etat*, accomplished in the service of Queen Isabella, has defied the Spanish Cortes, destroyed constitutional government, disarmed the National Guard, cowed the populace in Madrid, and shaken the foundations of social order in Spain. Marshal O'Donnell is a man of lofty stature, a fair complexion, features, as will be noticed, expressive of resolution and strength of character, and decidedly more Irish than Castilian.

The O'Donnells are of Irish extraction, and celebrated in the history and poetry of the Green Isle. For centuries they were lords in the County of Tyrconnel, and first went into exile after the fortunes of the last Stuart king which they had faithfully served, sank in ruin. They went abroad, settled in Austria, and gave soldiers and statesmen to the House of Hapsburg. A scion of the family emigrated from thence to Spain. His descendant gained the battle of Bisbal over the lieutenants of Napoleon, and for this achievement was distinguished with the title of Count of Bisbal. The Count of Bisbal has several sons, one of whom is Leopold O'Donnell, Count of Lucena, Marshal of Spain, and President of Queen Isabella's council.

His career has been bold, brilliant, and criminal. Personally, he is ambitious, adventurous, able, and brave. He entered the army at an early age, and attained the rank of Colonel before he was twenty-five. He joined the cause of Queen Christina against Don Carlos; became, in 1838, Chief of the Staff; subsequently, was appointed to the command of the army of the centre—distinctions which he owed to the favor and protection of Espartero, whom he has since overturned; and at the close of the Carlist war was nominated a General of Brigade, and created Count of Lucena. In 1840, he embraced the cause of the Queen-Mother against the army and the people, abandoned his command, and emigrated with her to France. In 1841, he demanded permission to return to Spain, and made the most solemn declarations of harboring no design against the public peace. Espartero, then Regent, would not believe his old protege again false, and allowed him to return. But Espartero had soon reason to rue his lenity. His overthrow had been plotted between Louis Philippe, Queen Christina, and O'Donnell, even before the latter had made his perjured pledges. An insurrection broke out in various parts of Spain, and O'Donnell headed the insurgents at Pampeluna. He was unsuccessful, and fled for his life to France, where he again renewed his intrigues. His second attempt was successful, and terminated the Regency of Espartero in 1843. His reward for this was the Governor-Generalship of Cuba, where, by large operations in the slave-trade, he amassed a disgraceful fortune, and returned to Spain when Narvaez was in power, whom he hated thoroughly. Commencing intrigues against Narvaez, he was silenced by the lucrative appointment of Director-General of Infantry, a post which enabled him to organize the army at his pleasure. Narvaez saw his error, and dismissed him. He then became the leader of the opposition against Queen Christina. Narvaez resigned, and was exiled by the Queen, but O'Donnell was not called to the ministry. The Count San Luis was named Minister, and immediately commenced persecutions against O'Donnell. The latter hunted, flying, fighting, defeated, at last, to save himself from destruction, flung himself into the ranks of the Liberal party, and called on the people to rise for their liberties. The appeal produced little effect until it was responded to by Espartero, when the whole nation *rose en masse* and besieged the Queen in her palace at Madrid, who was only saved from public fury by the influence and popularity of Espartero.

Between O'Donnell and Espartero there could hardly have existed much sympathy after all that had past. But Espartero considered that his co-operation would be an advantage to the country, and invited him to form a coalition. O'Donnell consented; his confiscation was reversed; he was raised to the rank of Marshal and made Minister of War.

Espartero was repeatedly warned of his danger, but the brave and honest old man refused to believe in so much baseness as the detailed information supplied him in regard to the plotting between the treacherous Isabella, the King, and O'Donnell, implied. He could not think that the man whom he had loaded with favors, whose wrongs he had pardoned, whose interests he had advanced, in whom he had trusted and confided as a colleague and a friend, would betray him. The consequence of his credulity is that he is overthrown and O'Donnell is Premier.

Meanwhile O'Donnell, between the envy of rivals, the opposition of the people, and the duplicity and fickleness of the Queen, has a difficult game to play. How he will carry himself, nobody knows. This seems the successful epoch for *coup d'etats* and other rascalities. Louis Napoleon has already varnished his theft with success; O'Donnell may perhaps have ability enough to japan his own. But such men fight against Fate and vital laws, and when just men and true men are vanquished, and all mortal opposition seems levelled in the dust, the unvanquishable God remains.

SLEEP.—Like most other things, sleep has its unpoetical aspects. Indeed, few sleepers, caught in the act, are poetical objects. Most sleepers are quite the reverse. An Imogen, such as Shakspeare has painted her, dreaming of Posthumus and better days to come, is not an every-day vision. A Christabel, laid down in her loveliness, is not a type of common-place humanity asleep. Of course Imogen did not snore, nor utter inarticulate gurgling sounds at periodical intervals. Of course Christabel did not lie with her mouth wide open, and an expression of hopeless vacuity on "her face, oh call it fair not pale;" or twist her shape into quite nondescript postures, not to be told in rhyme or explained by reason. But this is what your ordinary sleepers do. They snore to the top of their bent, and that, in some temperaments, is *altissimo*. They utter broken murmurs, most absurdly compounded of hissing, moaning, and nasal constituents. They lie gaping to an extent utterly incompatible with the sublime and beautiful. They are to be seen, too, curled, or coiled, or collapsed, into positions really worthy of study, as showing the eccentricities of *poses plastiques* possible to the human form, not less diversified than illogical. Leigh Hunt has remarked that though a man in his waking moments may look as proud and as self-possessed as he pleases—though he may walk proudly, sit proudly, eat his dinner proudly—though he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority, and, in a word, may show himself grand on the most trifling occasions—he is reduced to ridiculous shifts when once floored by that great leveller, sleep. "Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ludicrous postures; so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with a string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together; what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!" Few sleepers, in effect, show to advantage after they are come to years of discretion; it is only infancy and early childhood that will bear examination, as artistic studies of grace, when the senses are steeped in forgetfulness.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

☞ In an old French dictionary, *liberty* is described to be a word of three syllables. The lexicographer dare not say more.

CATHERINE.

BY MESTA.

She was not Kate—but Catherine,
Proud Catherine, and cold;
Her hair, in robes of gold,
Lay coiled around her stately head—
dazzled where its glory shed

It was not fair, and yet her mien,
So awed me, that my heart
Dared never throb apart
Its maiden secret. I feared to scan
How high love's tangled blossom ran.

Her eyes were stately in their glance;
While from their fringed eclipse,
A splendor touched her lips;
And when I would swear she smiled
On me, so rarely they beguiled

Her sun-drops were of swaying pearl;
How their pale beauty swung
Against her cheek—when hung
In little tremblers of delight
To watch a thing so wondrous bright.

What time I walk'd out thro' the lane,
My orisons to please,
Sang "Catherine" to me;
They sang with golden throats, I know,
To pour such liquid measure thro'.

Beside, the brook would lead me on
Thro' meadow, copse, and glade,
Whisked past me, into shade,
Shook out a little laugh of spray,
Called "Catherine," and ran away.

I met her where the tiny bridge
Of willow spans the stream—
I trod as in a dream.
She smiled; I took her unawares,
My heart seemed mounting golden stairs.

Her hands were full of violets—
She showed me where they grew—
"Just like a brooch of blue
They clasp your scarf of sunshine, look!
Across the bosom of the brook,"

She broke a flow'r for me—I took
Both flower and hand in mine—
Oh! then love's fragrant vine
Shot up full high, and thick and fast
Showered its scarlet bloom at last!

She heard me through, and, when I paused,
Afraid, her haughty head
Was turned away—what shed
Across her cheek a rose-leaf shame
That rippled into deeper flame?

"Oh! Catherine, my queen!" I cried,
"Look from thy proud estate—
Grant me your love or hate!"
She stole one long, sweet glance at me,
"Thou art my king—rule ever me!"

Oh! orioles sing on in glee:
Go, sweet South wind, and tell,
And noisy brook as well,
How e'en a queen may conquered be
By love's sweet skill and archerie!

—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER."

"I thought she loved me—did me grace
To please herself—'twas all her deed;
God makes or fair, or foul our face;
If showing mine so ceased to bleed
Another's heart, she should have dropped
A word—and straight the play had stopped."

Theodora, in those days seemed unable to repress her amazement in watching Wakefield, as he came in and went out with his air of perfect ease, independence, authority. His grand seignorial manners were incomprehensible to her, who had known him from his boyhood, through all the days of his penury and obscurity.

"Really, if I had not known Wakefield's origin, I should have taken him for one born in the purple, accustomed to dominion, destined to glory. Yet it seems to me, if I were in his place, an aspirant for fame, the more exalted I became, the more really humble I should be; but men think differently, I suppose."

Instinctively knowing that these criticisms would be unpleasant to Vivia, she never gave them utterance; but one day, feeling this interest in hearing the circumstances that had contributed to "form" Wakefield, she inquired of Vivia, how he had been pleased with their Eastern tour, and how they usually passed their time.

"It is impossible," answered Vivia, "but that he should have been *well* pleased. We travelled under the most favorable conditions of improvement, and for pleasure. Austin and myself, you know, having been abroad before, had formed a somewhat extensive acquaintance in the higher circles of the principal cities of Europe. We renewed many of those acquaintances, and through them formed many new ones. We presented Wakefield to all our circles simply as a friend and fellow citizen. And once introduced into society, his personal merits accomplished all the rest."

"Forgive me; all *what* rest?"

A cloud passed over the fine features of Vivia; but immediately by an effort of the will, she smiled brightly, dispelling the shadows and replied,

"Well, he succeeded brilliantly in the saloons of Paris, and afterwards also, in Florence, in Naples, and in Rome. This success—"

Vivia paused, and the same shadow returning to her brow.

"Well this success—intoxicated him?" suggested Theodora.

"No, certainly no."

"Gave him confidence, then?"

"He did not need that. This success—well! it was very natural! You see what he is—handsome, graceful, gracious—with the condescension of a Prince, rather than the courtesy of a courtier; having the air of one who had never met a superior to himself among his own sex—(for his manner to women is ever as deferential as you see it now)—and more than all, possessing a fine and highly cultivated intellect, and conversational powers as brilliant as profound. You perceive then, that being what he is, and introduced as he was, his success was a matter of course. But somehow there prevailed an impression that he was in his own country wealthy and distinguished. In a word, people believed, or took it for granted that fame and fortune had smiled upon him as favorably as the muses had. And—would you believe it, Theodora?—our rustic Wakefield really became quarry for manœuvering mothers and marriageable daughters! Of course nothing real in the way of matrimony could have come of such illusions, for supposing it possible that Wakefield could have been ensnared, the moment there should have been a proposal there would also have been a question of marriage settlements when the suitor's want of wealth must immediately have transpired. I wished the people undeceived, yet even had it been my part to open their eyes, there was no proper opportunity afforded me of doing so. One day I mentioned the subject to Wakefield, who, between a frown and a smile, answered gaily, "Well! what can I do? If the old Countess of Killmansecrew, with her four plain and penniless daughters, takes me for a man of fortune, and follows me from places, lavishing attentions upon—my imaginary wealth—what can I say? Must I tell her, "Madame, do not waste your time in hunting me. You mistake in supposing me to be a gentleman of family and fortune. I am only a poor devil—the son of a farm laborer of Maryland—and the secretary of Mr. Austin Malmaison. Consequently, you perceive, I have not money enough to buy your Lady Jane or Lady Mary!" There was some truth in what he laughingly advanced. And as he chose to treat the subject so lightly, it was dropped. We finally got rid of our two flattering friends when we crossed the Mediterranean to enter Africa."

While Vivia spoke, and when she had finished, there was still that struggle between light and shadow on her beautiful face, and when she smiled it was not as formerly, like the clear moonshine of summer, but rather like the sun breaking tearfully through the clouds, she soon arose and left the room.

"Ah! Wakefield is growing very worldly, and that is the source of Vivia's disquietude. Ah! why should that bright spirit ever stoop to love a mortal man? A spirit quickening and sustaining so many others, should lean on God only—should bend to none lower? Oh, Vivia! queen and muse, why should you love, except only as God loves?" thought Theodora, as she sat alone after this conversation. As she mused with head bowed upon her hands, a voice fell gently on her ear,

"Pensive, or dreaming, dear Theodora?"

She started, and looked up to see Austin standing before her.

"Come," he continued, "let me take you into the parlor; there is something worth your attention, I assure you."

"Thank you, dear Austin," Theodora said, rising and accepting his offered arm.

When they reached the drawing-room, they found Vivia, Wakefield, and Helen grouped around a stand on which lay open a very handsome book.

"See, Theodora, dear, here is Wakefield's first-born—a very pretty bantling, and very elegantly dressed, too!" exclaimed Helen, beckoning her forward.

"Oh!" ejaculated Theodora, with glad surprise; then—"but I thought it was not to be published until the first of next month," she said, joining the group at the stand.

"That is true," said Helen, as she pushed the book towards the last comer; "and it will not be published until the first of the month, but our dear Wakefield was so anxious to see his offspring, that from the very first perfect sheets he had a copy collected, and had it handsomely bound, as you see."

Theodora drew the book towards herself, and examined it with great interest. It was bound in the antique style, richly embossed and gilded, with an illuminated title-page, and an allegorical dedication, in which the work was mystically re-offered to its inspiring source—the Muse,—which he initiated only understood to mean Vivia.

Theodora raised her eyes from the dedication page to glance at Wakefield and at Vivia.

Wakefield, unconscious, or forgetful of any other presence near him, stood, earnestly bending forward, and fixing a deprecating, imploring, passionate gaze upon Vivia, who stood mournfully, with averted head, colorless cheek, and drooping eyelids. Theodora immediately withdrew her glance, but while returning to the examination of the volume before her, she pondered—"Ah, what can be the trouble between those two. If she loves him, he certainly adores her! What then keeps them asunder?"

The leaves she turned were full of striking illustrations, from drawings, sketched amid the scenes they represented; but though at another time they must have charmed her attention, now they scarcely appeared to her eyes.

She looked up from the volume to see whether Austin and Helen remarked the by-play that she had surprised.

It was evident that they had not; both were preoccupied. They had withdrawn a step from the stand, and were speaking together in low, vehement tones; but a few words reached Theodora.

"Yes! it was wrong! very wrong," said the one.

"Wrong! Helen!" exclaimed the other in a tone of surprise and displeasure.

"Yes! *wrong*, sir! and therefore I do not *like* it, understand!" said Helen, still in a low tone, but with a passionate earnestness that still further betrayed itself in the swelling bosom, flushed cheeks, and tearful eyes, while Austin regarded her with less of indignation than of sorrowful surprise.

Theodora instantly withdrew her attention and endeavored to fix it again upon the volume under her hand. It was impossible, for still she mused.

"They also! Ah! then is there no happiness in the world—and is every appearance of it *only* appearance?"

Silently and sadly she was turning away, thinking to withdraw unobserved, when Wakefield came to her side.

"You look the image of *il penseroso*, dear Theodora. Does not my poor book please you? I fully expect you to criticise the illustrations, for they are engraved from sketches taken by your humble servant, who cannot give the life and grace to his poor attempts that an artist imparts to his works. Had you been of our party now, dear Theodora, to make sketches while I made notes, we should, between us, have produced a book quite worthy the time the critics will give to cutting this one up. But smile upon the poor stranger at least, for do you know, that no one has smiled upon it yet? It is an unpropitious omen!"

"You are in error, dear Wakefield, it is on the contrary a propitious omen. I have too often seen verified the homely proverb—'a bad beginning makes a good ending'—in other words a 'sowing in tears and reaping in joy,'" said Vivia affectionately, as she came to the young author's side.

"You are doubly mistaken, Mr. Brunton, for I've smiled over your exultant production until my face is fatigued, and just as soon as it is rested, I will begin smiling again. And if you like I will call Mademoiselle Stephanie my French maid, who is an adept at smiling, to smile while I rest. Now I am sure the most zealous friend could not do more," said Helen, advancing with a countenance from which every vestige of dissatisfaction had vanished. At this sallie of Helen good humor seemed to be restored.

In a fortnight from that day, Wakefield's book was before the public. I know not whether it were a "phenomenon" of genius, being the first book of a youthful author, probably it was not; possibly it came out at a fortunate point of time; met a want of the public mind; filled some little empty niche in the temple of letters,—(as a graphic feature of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of some unknown part of the globe might now do)—at all events the book was a great success, and Wakefield Brunton became the literary lion of the day; and that, too, when literary lions were not nearly so plentiful and so short-lived as they are at present; when to be such was really—*rather*—a distinction; perhaps this lionization might also in some degree be justly attributed to other accidents aside from the merit or even from the success of his book; his social connexion was most favorable; the Malmaisons had renewed their acquaintance with many of the "upper ten" of New York whom they had met abroad, and consequently saw much company at home and went frequently into society. Wakefield was always of their party; and even his elegant person, graceful address, and brilliant conversation made his presence not only welcome but desirable; it remained only for his literary success to complete his triumph and constitute him the temporary lion of the saloons. Such lionization is of course essentially vulgar and, rightly considered, anything but a compliment to the modesty and good sense of the lionized. Young aspirants do not think of this—too eager are they to grasp the sparkling tinsel of a transient adulation, mistaking it for the pure and solid gold of an abiding fame. Too often exhilirated with vanity, all earnestness of soul effervesces and evaporates in levity—all taste for patient study departs, and then all power of creation is lost; the divine gift has been slighted and is withdrawn. Where one son of genius withers in neglect, ten perish from adulation, as any one may prove for himself by looking back upon literary history, with this essential difference, however, that the "one" who withers in neglect, still leaves behind some monument of his genius, by which "being dead," he "still speaks" to many succeeding generations—as for instance Chatterton, Keats, Savage, our own Brockden Brown, and many others. While the "ten" who perish through adulation leave little or nothing beyond some imperfect work that expires in its first edition, and a transient memory that dies out with their own personal friends, as, for instance—but we will not recall to memory the names of the fallen stars of our literary firmament.

Wakefield was now exposed to all the alluring dangers of social adulation; whether he were really very much elated by this, does not appear, since he had pride and dignity sufficient to control and reserve himself. Vivia witnessed all his triumphs; she was with him at every party of which he was the centre of observation. And every journal containing a favorable review of his book, speedily found its way to her boudoir. Two months after its publication in New York, it was republished in London, where it was received with even greater favor—an event that was considered a very high honor in those days when Sydney Smith's contemptuous question—"Who reads an American book?" had not received its overwhelming answer.

A friend of Wakefield, an English gentleman, whose acquaintance he had formed at Rome, immediately upon the issue of the London edition of the book, forwarded a copy to the author, so that the latter received it simultaneously with the news of its republication in England. As soon as he had torn off the wrapper, and found what it contained, he carried it where he carried all his triumphs, to the feet of Vivia.

He found her in the drawing-room, in company with her three friends. Austin and Helen were dressed for a ride. Theodora sat sketching at a distant stand. Vivia reclined musing in an arm chair.

As Wakefield was still a member of the family, he merely nodded to the others, and then passed immediately to Vivia, upon whose lap he placed the book. She opened it, read the title-page, and then raising her serene eyes to the young author's animated countenance, she said quietly—

"Well? it is but a just tribute to you, dear Wakefield."

"Ah! what are you showing Vivia, there?" inquired Helen, gathering up her riding-skirt, and coming towards them.

Vivia handed her the book.

"Oh! a cheap edition of Wakefield's work! Got out for the million, I suppose, as the handsome one was for the upper ten! a pretty idea, but an ugly book."

"It is a London republication of the work," said Wakefield.

"A London—what? Come here, Austin! witness a new triumph of our author! Mr. Brunton, I am proud to know you!" exclaimed Helen, gayly, tendering her hand in congratulation.

Austin joined the group and looked at the book.

"Just what I expected," he said.

"How! just as you expected? Really, you all seemed to have formed expectations for me, which I should never have presumed to form for myself! and yet I am not considered deficient in self-esteem either!"

"No! parbleu! as our Parisian friends say, you are not; but how came this book to you?"

"By the mail steamer across the ocean."

"Really now?—but through whose agency, I mean."

"Through that of Messieurs, the Post-Masters, I presume."

"Now that is astonishing! By the way, Wakefield, is not success a means of grace to you? does it not sweeten your temper, and dispose you to love and truth, and all the heavenly virtues, and all the social amenities?"

Wakefield laughed, and for the moment smoothed his troubled brow.

"Well, Mr. B——— sent me the book."

"Ah! I knew it!"

"Indeed—since when!"

"Since you condescended to inform me, of course; but this I know, 'all out of my own head,' as the children say—namely, that the English publishers never would have had the sagacity to discover this treasure amid what they call the rubbish of American literature, had not their attention been called to the book by Mr. B———, to whom you sent an early copy."

"Ay! is that the reason why you 'expected it?'"

"Of course!"

"Humph! well I suppose that is the explanation of it!" said Austin, with a somewhat sobered countenance.

"Why, of course it is, my dear fellow! Ah! if everything were known, we have little to laud ourselves withal! Come, Nelly, come! the horses are pawing and neighing with impatience while they stand before the door, attracting crowds of little ragged boys, who will 'hooray' when they see us mount."

"*Au revoir*, Wakefield," said Austin, giving his arm to Helen, and taking her out.

When they had left the room, Wakefield still followed them with his eyes or ears, until they had mounted the horses and ridden off. Then he glanced at Vivia, and turned to look at Theodora. The young artist might have been a statue for her unimpressibility by any external scene; evidently, Theodora was abstracted from all knowledge of time, place, and surrounding circumstances. From Theodora's statuesque figure, Wakefield's gaze turned once more upon Vivia. Something sinister, something fateful in his gaze troubled the calmness of her bosom. He was as much at home as herself in Austin's house, therefore there would be no rudeness or unkindness in leaving the room, which she resolved to do. She arose therefore with her usual quietness, and said, calmly,

"I have letters to write, for this evening's mail, dear Wakefield—and so you will excuse me for some hours."

And she passed on to retire. But Wakefield seized her hand.

"No! by all my sufferings, no, Vivia! you must not leave me now! the hour has come at last! You must and shall hear me!" he exclaimed in a low, deep, thrilling voice, as with a constraining impulse he restored her to her seat, and folding his arms, stood before her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DELIGHTFUL PREDICAMENT.

"SAY, MARM, YOU'RE SITTIN' ON A HORNET'S NEST."

LONGEVITY.—Much has been written on the general subject of longevity, the theories in connection therewith being as endless as contradictory. There are upon record nearly two thousand cases of persons whose ages have exceeded a hundred years; but upon a severe scrutiny, it is found that many of them rest upon a vague foundation—the extreme cases lying in remote countries, where registers were inaccurately kept, and identity difficult to be traced. In the dark ages, we are positively assured that many of the kings of Arcadia lived to the age of three hundred; but we may very justly assume, with Lord Bacon, that "perhaps this is fabulous." Calculations, again, have been made upon the many cases of longevity in Italy, from the return or census ordered by the Emperor Vespasian; but then it is forgotten that the object of that return was to tax the people, who strove to make out a goodly number of years in order to avoid the assessment. Of Roman, Greek, French, and German emperors and kings, down to the reign of James I., we find in two hundred princes only four octogenarians; whilst amongst the first two hundred and forty popes, there are only five who lived to the age of eighty.

From many facts collected, it would seem that a condition of toil and of comparative poverty is more favorable to longevity than one in which there is no demand for exertion. Of eight of the oldest persons known—three of whom attained the ages of 164, 172, and 185—one only belonged to the higher ranks of society, all the rest being dependent for their subsistence on their own labor. Men are not less strong and vigorous than in bygone times, and the average term of existence has, if anything, increased. Dr. Southwood Smith says—"Not only has the value of life in England been regularly increasing, until it has advanced beyond that of any country of which there is any record, but the remarkable fact is established, that the whole mass of its people now live considerably longer than its higher classes did in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." According to Casper, the following professions contain the corresponding number of individuals out of one hundred who attain their seventieth year:—Theologians, 42; agriculturists, 40; merchants, 35; soldiers, 32; clerks, 32; advocates, 29; artists, 28; professors, 27; physicians, 24.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

A WORD UPON BEARDS.—William and Rufus shaved. Henry I. resumed the beard, so long laid upon the shelf. Stephen had a beard, and was bearded by his barons; Richard I. had a short, crisp, close beard; Edward I. a long beard; Edward II. a weak beard; Henry V. fought at Agincourt with a clean chin; Henry VI. wore a beard; Henry VIII. had a wiry, close, bushy beard; Edward VI. died before his beard came; Charles I.'s grew dwindled and Spanish. In Elizabeth's reign we have Shakspeare describing the cane-colored beard, the black, white, orange, tawny, purple ingrain beard; the beard like a general, and the beard like a glover's paring knife; the hungry beard and the beard of formal cut; the soldier bearded like a pard, and the coward with the beard of Hercules and frowning Mars. Among the curious anecdotes of beards, the oddest is that told of John Mayo, a painter at the court of Charles V., whose beard was so long that he could stand upon it; this cataract of hair he kept tied up with ribbons to his button-holes, sometimes unfastening it at the Emperor's wish, opening the doors and windows that it might blow in the faces of the angry courtiers. Another famous beard was that of a Bavarian merchant, who kept it enclosed in a velvet bag to prevent it from dragging on the ground. An old writer, of more gravity, we fear, than veracity, asserts that the inhabitants of Hardenburg had formerly the singular custom of electing the Burgomaster who had the longest beard and the smallest foot.—*Our Friend.*

TOBACCO CUSTOMS.—They first had silver pipes, but the ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a strawe. I have heard my grandfather say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Within these thirty-five years, [written about 1680,] 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was then sold for its wayte in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say, that when they went to market they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now the customes of it are the greatest his majestie hath.—*Aubrey—In Notes and Queries.*

POETRY AND THE PURITANS.

FROM THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

Surely these Puritans were dramatic enough, poetic enough, picturesque enough. We do not speak of such fanatics as Balfour of Burley, or any other extravagant person whom it may have suited Walter Scott to take as a typical personage. We speak of the average Puritan nobleman, gentleman, merchant, or farmer, and hold him to have been a picturesque and poetical man—a man of higher imagination and deeper feeling than the average of Court poets, and a man of sound taste also. What is to be said for his opinions about the stage, has been seen already; but it seems to have escaped most persons' notice, that either all England is grown very foolish, or the Puritan opinions on several matters have been justified by time. * * * *

In the matter of dress and of manners, the Puritan triumph has been complete. Even their worst enemies have come over to their side, and "the whirligig of time has brought about its revenge."

Their canons of taste have become those of all England, and High Churchmen, who still call them round-heads and cropped ears, go about rounderheaded and closer cropt than they ever went. They held it more rational to cut the hair to a comfortable length than to wear effeminate curls down the back. And we cut ours much shorter than they ever did. They held, (with the Spaniards, then the finest gentlemen in the world,) that sad, *i. e.*, dark colors, above all black, were the fittest for stately and earnest gentlemen. We all, from the Tractarian to the Anythingarian, are exactly of the same opinion. They held that lace, perfumes, and jewelry on a man were marks of unmanly foppishness and vanity; and so hold the finest gentlemen in England now. They thought it equally absurd and sinful for a man to carry his income on his back, and bedizen himself out in reds, blues, and greens, ribbons, knots, slashes, and "treble quadruple dædalian ruffs, built up on iron and timber, (a fact,) which have more arches in them for pride than London Bridge for use." We, if we met such a ruffled and ruffled worthy as used to swagger by hundreds up and down Paul's Walk, not knowing how to get a dinner, much less to pay his tailor, should look on him as firstly a fool, and secondly a swindler; while, if we meet an old Puritan, we should consider him a man gracefully and picturesquely dress, but withal in the most perfect sobriety of good taste; and when we discovered, (as we probably should,) over and above, that the harlequin cavalier had a box of salve and a pair of dice in one pocket, a pack of cards and a few pawnbrokers' duplicates in the other; that his thoughts were altogether of citizens' wives, and their too easy virtue; and that he could not open his mouth without a dozen oaths, we should consider the Puritan, (even though he did quote Scripture somewhat through his nose,) as the gentleman; and the courtier as a most offensive specimen of the "snob triumphant," glorying in his shame. The picture is not ours, nor even the Puritan's. It is Bishop Hall's, Bishop Earle's—it is Beaumont's, Fletcher's, Jonson's, Shakspeare's—the picture which every dramatist, as well as satirist, has drawn of the "gallant" of the seventeenth century. No one can read those writers honestly without seeing that the Puritan, and not the Cavalier conception of what a British gentleman should be, is the one accepted by the whole nation at this day.

In applying the same canon to the dress of women, they were wrong. As in other matters, they had hold of one pole of a double truth, and erred in applying it exclusively to all cases. But there are two things to be said for them; first, that the dress of that day was palpably an incentive to the profligacy of that day, and therefore had to be protested against; in these more moral times, ornaments and fashions may be harmlessly used, which then could not be used without harm. And next, it is undeniable that sober dressing is more and more becoming the fashion among well-bred women, and that among them, too, the Puritan canons are gaining ground.

But as for these Puritans having been merely the sour, narrow, inhuman persons they are vulgarly supposed to have been, *credat Judæus*. There were sour and narrow men enough among them; so there were in the opposite party. No Puritan could have had less poetry in him, less taste, less feeling, than Laud himself. But is there no poetry save words? no drama save that which is presented on the stage? Is this glorious earth, and the souls of living men, mere prose, as long as "*carent vate sacro*," who will, forsooth, do them the honor to make poetry out of a little of them, (and how little!) by translating them into words, which he himself, just in proportion as he is a good poet, will confess to be clumsy, tawdry, ineffectual? Was there no poetry in these Puritans, because they wrote no poetry? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-psalm and the charge; but simple idyllic poetry and quiet home-drama, love-poetry of the heart and the hearth, and the beauties of every-day human life? Take the most commonplace of them: was Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, of Thoresby Rise in Deeping Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less a noble lad? Did his name prevent his being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it, his cheek the less ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair of the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half-way to his waist in essenced curls; but was he therefore the less of a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors, who won the Danelagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise, to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation, in the old moated grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-boots; but did that prevent him, as Oliver rode past him with an approving smile, on Naseby field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his mustache and imperial, and bright red coat, and cuirass well polished, in spite of many a dint, as he sat his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking, too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet Cousin Patience, far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had of himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant, with manly shame for letting such "carnal vanities" rise in his heart, while he was "doing the Lord's work" in the teeth of death and hell: but was there no poetry in him then? No poetry in him, five minutes after, as the long rapier swung round his head, redder and redder at every sweep? We are befooled by names. Call him Crusader instead of round head, and he seems at once (granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind,) as complete a knight-errand as ever watched and prayed, ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath "storied windows richly dight." Was there no poetry in him, either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of the gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumbled for the Bible in his boot, and tried to hum a psalm, and thought of Cousin Patience, and his father, and his mother, and how they would hear, at least, that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the Man of Sin?

And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresby dyke, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising over the broad misty flat, and the one great abele tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child-memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple? There is the dyke where he and his brothers snared the great pike which stole the ducklings—how many years ago? while pretty little Patience stood by trembling, and shrieked at the snap of the brute's wide jaws; and there—down that long dark lode, ruffling with crimson in the sunset breeze, he and his brother skated home in triumph with Patience, when his uncle died. What a day that was! when, in the clear, bright winter noon, they laid the gate upon the ice, and tied the beef-bones under the four corners, and packed little Patience on it. How pretty she looked, though her eyes were red with weeping, as she peeped out from among the heap of blankets and horse-hides, and how merrily their long fen-runners whistled along the ice-lane, between the high banks of sighing reed, as they towed home their new treasure in triumph, at a pace like the race horse's, to the dear old home among the poplar trees. And now he was going home to meet her, after a mighty victory; a deliverance from Heaven, second only in his eyes to that Red-Sea one. Was there no poetry in his heart at that thought? Did not the glowing sunset, and the reed-beds which it transfigured before him into sheets of golden flame, seem tokens that the glory of God was going before him in his path? Did not the sweet clamor of the wild fowl, gathering for one rich pæan ere they sank into rest, seem to him as God's bells chiming him home in triumph, with peals sweeter and bolder than those of Lincoln or Peterborough steeple house? Did not the very lapwing, as she tumbled, softly wailing, before his path, as she did years ago, seem to welcome the wanderer home in the name of Heaven?

Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheek flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw far off the red-coat, like a gliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the strait fen-bank, and fled up stairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might be, half that it might not be he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the court-yard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him, hold him at arm's length, and hug him again, as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints? And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring even to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she the less lovely in his eyes, because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coif and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, ay, and more beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herrick's Dianemes, Waller's Sacharissas, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the immicere cant of the court? What if Zeal-for-Truth had never strung two rhymes together in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, "My love, my dove, my undefiled is but one," than if he had filled pages with sonnets, about Venuses, and Cupids, love-sick shepherds and cruel nymphs?

And was there no poetry, true idyllic poetry, as of Longfellow's *Evangeline* itself, in that trip round the old farm next morning; when Zeal-for-Truth, after looking over every heifer, and peeping into every stye, would needs canter down to his father's side to the horse-fen, with his arm in a sling; while the partridges whirred up before them, and the lurchers flashed like grey snakes after the hare, and the colts came whinnying round, with staring eyes and streaming manes, and the two chatted on in the same sober, business-like, English tone, alternately of "The Lord's great dealings," by General Cromwell, the pride of all honest fen-men, and the price of troop-horses at the next Horncastle fair?

Poetry in those old Puritans? Why not? They were men of like passions with ourselves. They loved, they married, they brought up children; they feared, they sinned, they sorrowed, they fought—they conquered. There was poetry enough in them, be sure, though they acted it like men, instead of singing it like birds.

A CHARACTER.—There sits a clergyman's widow, the mother of the first Sir David Dundas, the introducer of our German system of military manœuvres, and at one time commander-in-chief of the British army. We used to go to her house in Bunker's Hill, when boys, on Sundays between the morning and afternoon sermons, where we were cherished with Scotch broth, and cakes, and many a joke from the old lady. Age had made her incapable of walking even across the room; so, clad in a plain black silk gown, and a pure muslin cap, she sat half encircled by a high-backed black leather chair, reading; with silver spectacles stuck on her thin nose; and interspersing her studies, and her days, with much laughter, and not a little sarcasm. What a spirit! There was more fun and sense round that chair than in the theatre or the church. I remember one of her grand-daughters stumbling, in the course of reading the newspapers to her, on a paragraph which stated that a lady's reputation had suffered from some indiscreet talk on the part of the Prince of Wales. Up she of fourscore sat, and said with an indignant shake of her shrivelled fist and keen voice—"The dawmed villain! does he kiss and tell?"—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

THE PEACE RESPONSE.—The following letter has been received by Mayor Vaux, of Philadelphia, from the Hon. Mr. Gladstone, M. P., and President of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association, in reply to the response of our citizens to the Peace Address of the people of Liverpool and Manchester:—

FINANCIAL REFORM ASSOCIATION,
6 York Buildings, Dale street,
LIVERPOOL, August 4th, 1856.

To the Honorable Richard Vaux, Mayor of Philadelphia.—SIR: On behalf of the members of this Association, and on my own, I cannot deny myself the gratification of declaring to you the warm feelings of satisfaction with which we have received the response of the citizens of Philadelphia to the addresses from Liverpool and Manchester to the people of the United States. I am sure I may add without presumption, though not officially deputed to speak as their representative, that those feelings are most cordially shared by the people of Great Britain and Ireland universally. To this belief may I not give the hope that the people of America are also of one mind with the citizens of Philadelphia, as to the considerations which ought to render war between the two nations a perfect impossibility?

Bound together, as we are, by ties of blood, language, religion, common institutions, and mutual interests, and not less by a regard to the welfare of all mankind, as the only two great champions of representative government and the sovereignty of the people, it is nevertheless a fact that this deplorable calamity, impossible as it should be deemed, was recently brought to the very verge of being an actual occurrence. How, and why is this? Colonel Fremont, in the admirable address accepting his nomination as candidate for the highest office in the gift of man, explains the reason. "International embarrassments," he says, "are mainly the results of a secret diplomacy, which aims to keep from the knowledge of the people the operations of the government."

This is a grave truth, tersely propounded, and worthy of the most profound consideration on the part of the people. Weigh the mischief done by secret diplomacy with the good effected by it, and the balance of evil frightfully preponderates. The good that it has ever done is problematical, whilst history is little else than a catalogue of carnage, proceeding originally from the paltry intrigues, personal rivalries and despicable squabbles of ambassadors and diplomatic personages. It is true that the destinies of nations and the progress of mankind should no longer be the sport of such agencies as these. Happy will it be for both countries if the people of England and America, reflecting on the disaster which they have barely escaped, and which, had it occurred, would have been attributable to the system of secret diplomacy alone, should adopt measures for abolishing it altogether.

In these days of steam and electricity, there is no occasion for resident Ministers of State in foreign countries. They are intriguers at best, and, too often, nothing better than spies vested with official immunity. The ordinary intercourse of friendly nations can be carried on much better without than with them; and, for special occasions, special ministers, chosen for their intelligence, practical knowledge, honesty, and particular aptitude for the business in hand, ought to be deputed. What motives guide the appointment of American diplomatists it becomes not me to inquire: but, with us, the qualifications I have specified are generally the very last which are taken into account by the dispensers of diplomatic patronage.

May the people of both countries look to the existing evil, and devise the necessary remedy in time. Failing the latter, nothing but the fixed popular determination not to shed kindred blood, can prevent their respective rulers from engaging them in a fratricidal warfare with each other.

With the highest respect and regard towards yourself individually, and also towards the gentlemen who signed the address, the citizens of Philadelphia, and the people of the United States generally,

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your most obedient servt,
ROBERTSON GLADSTONE, Pres't.

THE PATH TO SHAME.—A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS ERRING SON.—Our readers, says the Chicago Tribune of August 2, have already found the circumstances of the arrest of Frederick Rigg and his young accomplice, James Harold, for robbing the Chicago Post Office, and the trial and conviction of Rigg, detailed in the columns of our paper. Soon after Harold's arrest the following letter was sent to him by his father.

We ask every young man to read this letter, that his resolution for good may be formed anew, and that he may be fully impressed with the far reaching consequences of the wicked acts he may be tempted to commit:

——, N. Y., June 28, 1856.

MY DEAR JAMES—The painful news of your imprisonment was received yesterday, and it has filled the minds of your mother and myself with profound grief, that you who have had opportunities that but few could possess, even to the selection in life of any honorable station, provided you would fit yourself for it, with a home to be welcomed to, with every comfort to be desired, should at the entrance to manhood have degraded yourself and disgraced your family. Where you have copied the example from is to me a mystery. For years I have been the recipient of situations of honor and trust, holding many of the prominent stations in our county, and with friends of the highest character throughout the State. Now review the picture and realities you have substituted. It appears to us a dream.

What could induce you thus to offend the laws of your country? Not want? Did I not tell you when you left home, that if you connected yourself respectably I would consign you goods, and have I not frequently asked you if by any means I could help you along?

Look, my erring son, at the words I wrote on the first page of the Bible presented you on leaving home. Alas! how true the sentiments they express.

You received introductions to respectable merchants, to one of the Chicago clergymen, (the Rev. W. A. Smallwood,) and with what entreaties did your mother and myself urge you to connect yourself with a church and Sunday-school. We have just read your first letter, promising to make for yourself an honorable name, and associate with respectable persons; and can it be possible that even at that period you were associated with this man Rigg?

* * * * * * *

As I write I reflect on what a home you have lost, and where are you? In a jail, and for stealing. Too first, too, of your family of which I have any record, who, for hundreds of years have borne a family escutcheon without a stain! What can I do for you? Your mother, almost broken-hearted, cannot be left, and what could I do were I to come to Chicago? From Captain Connett's letter it seems that the proof against you is positive. The laws of your country must be vindicated; I see no way but to let justice take its course. But in your extremity what can I recommend better than that you should tell the whole truth, and cast yourself on the mercy of the Court before which you will be tried. But one consolation is left, and that is, repentance and prayer to God. He only can help you, by forgiving you your sins, and bringing you to a knowledge of peace in Jesus Christ. Oh! at once cry to him for aid and direction, and may the urgency of your case lead you to true repentance.

We had been anticipating a surprise for you in the shape of a number of presents, articles of clothing, and on your arrival at age, next April, a sum of money; but our fond hopes are all vanished, and until I receive advices from you or Captain Connett, we know not how we can help you.

* * * * * * The first Monday in July is set down for your trial. What a day it will be for your parents! Would to God, my son James, you had died in your infancy, unspotted from the world! Your mother sends her love; yes, we both do, for we have hope that this painful and afflictive circumstance, your first step to crime, will be your last. Until that is atoned for, what will you and we have to suffer!

I remain, your afflicted and distressed
FATHER.

BRILLIANT TO THE LAST.—A gentleman writing from Paris, states that M. Place, the French banker, who recently failed for the immense amount of sixteen million francs, gave, on the evening before the grand catastrophe, a splendid dinner, to which were invited all the celebrities of a certain grade upon the Bourse, together with an equal number of ladies. The feast was one of the most recherchés kind—the cost probably being not less than twenty-five dollars a head; and the buoyant spirits of the liberal host were the theme of general admiration. When the enthusiasm was at its height, a magnificent dessert was placed upon the table, having in the centre a vase of silver gilt, which M. Place ordered the waiter to pass round to the ladies, as it contained a few nuts for their especial cracking. Every lady then plunged her hand within the vase, and drew forth whatever chance bestowed in the shape of some rare jewel, the cheapest of which could not have been worth less than sixty dollars, while some of them were of great price. After this delightful ceremony, the generous host took his leave amid the reiterated applause of his guests. The next day his house was silent and deserted, and a deficiency of sixteen millions was announced before the Tribunal of Commerce.

THE LEAND FORTE.—This favorite parlor instrument, now considered an almost indispensable article in every family that can purchase it, was invented by J. C. Schroeder, of Dresden, in 1717; the square piano was first made by Freiderica, an organ builder of Saxony, about 1758. Piano fortes were made in London by M. Zumpie, a German, in 1766. The manufacture of this instrument was commenced in this country since the opening of the present century.

HISTORY OF EMIGRATION TO THE United States.

A careful statistician states that the immigrants arriving in this country could not average, for the ten years from 1784 to 1794, more than 4,000 per annum. But during 1794, about 10,000 arrived in the United States from foreign countries. During the ten years from 1806 to 1816, extensive immigration was precluded by the unfriendly relations which at that time existed between Great Britain, France, and the United States. In February, 1815, peace was concluded, and in 1817 upwards of 22,000 persons arrived at the various ports of the United States from foreign countries. The following statement, from official documents, exhibits the progress and extent of immigration to the United States from September 30th, 1829, to December 31st, 1855:

Period of years.	Total number of passengers arriving.	Of Foreign birth.
During the 10 years ending Sept. 30, 1824,	151,833	128,502
During the 10½ years ending Dec. 31, 1839,	672,716	653,384
During the 5½ years ending Sept. 30, 1843,	1,479,479	1,427,337
During the 8½ years ending Dec. 31, 1855,	2,239,607	2,116,401
During the 36½ years,	4,462,537	4,213,624

Of the total number of 4,212,624 passengers of foreign birth, who arrived in the United States during the above mentioned period, 36½ years:

207,492 were born in England;
747,930 were born in Ireland;
34,500 were born in Scotland;
4,782 were born in Wales; and
1,343,682 others were born in Great Britain and Ireland, the division not designated;
2,745,445 total number born in the United Kingdom;
1,200,067 were born in Germany;
37,808 were born in France;
17,333 were born in Holland;
8,961 were born in Belgium;
31,071 were born in Switzerland;
188,728 were born in France;
11,351 were born in Spain;
6,043 were born in Portugal;
3,020 were born in Denmark;
29,447 were born in Norway and Sweden;
1,118 were born in Poland;
938 were born in Russia;
783 were born in Turkey;
2,165 were born in Italy;
108 were born in Greece;
323 were born in Sicily;
708 were born in Sardinia;
6 were born in Corsica;
114 were born in Malta;
626 others were born in Europe, the division not designated.
91,609 were born in British America;
5,440 were born in South America;
640 were born in Central America;
13,993 were born in Mexico;
33,317 were born in the West Indies;
16,714 were born in China;
101 were born in the East Indies;
7 were born in Persia;
16 others were born in Asia, division not designated.
14 were born in Liberia;
4 were born in Egypt;
2 were born in Morocco;
2 were born in Algiers;
4 others were born in the Barbary States, the division not designated;
2 were born at the Cape of Good Hope;
115 others were born in Africa, the division not designated;
276 were born in the Canary Islands;
1,239 were born in the Azores;
239 were born in Madeira;
22 were born in Cape Verde;
59 were born in Sandwich;
2 were born in Society;
79 were born in South Sea;
3 were born in Isle of France;
14 were born in St. Helena;
30 were born in Australia;
157,317 in countries not designated by the returns.

Ireland contributed the largest portion, for it is estimated that in addition to the number above stated, 747,930 who arrived in the United States, and were known to have been born in Ireland, at least one million of the number attributed to Great Britain and Ireland were also born in the latter country. This would make the total Irish immigration 1,747,930.

Next in numerical order comes Germany, then England, then France. It is estimated, moreover, that in addition to the total number, 4,212,624 passengers of foreign birth who arrived in the United States since September, 1849, 250,000 should be added, as having arrived prior to that date. This would make the total number of immigrants from the close of the revolutionary war to December 31st, 1855, 4,462,624.

In relation to the year ending December 31, 1855, we compile these figures:

Total arrivals,	230,206
Males,	140,161
Females,	90,283
Sex not stated,	13

The ages were as follows:

Ages.	Males.	Females.
Under 5 years of age,	10,147	9,819
Between 5 years of age and 10,	5,000	3,533
" 10 " " 15,	5,005	7,077
" 15 " " 20,	20,008	17,391
" 20 " " 25,	24,154	18,413
" 25 " " 30,	24,030	10,798
" 30 " " 35,	15,809	6,000
" 35 " " 40,	12,777	5,250
Forty years of age and upwards,	15,874	9,281
Age not stated,	407	417
Total,	140,161	90,283

The occupations of the males were as follows:

Merchants,	14,759	Masons,	18
Farmers,	31,023	Manufacturers,	60
Mechanics,	14,097	Gentlemen,	42
Mariners,	1,136	Engineers,	144
Miners,	232	Printers,	34
Laborers,	42,630	Painters,	16
Shoemakers,	45	Artists,	68
Tailors,	28	Butchers,	19
Seamstresses and Milliners,		Teachers,	26
		Millers,	27
Weavers and Spinners,	92	Bakers,	23
Actors and Actresses,	21	Servants,	62
Physicians,	342	Other occupations,	567
Clergymen,	149	Not stated,	10,686
Lawyers,	224		
Clerks,	242	Total,	140,161

The foregoing statements will be found valuable, not only for present purposes, but for future reference. The general inference is, that within the last thirty-six years, individuals of foreign birth, to the extent of more than four millions, have arrived in the United States. The natural increase has also been wonderful; so that the foreign element, directly and indirectly, affects a very large proportion of our population.

THE DESTINATION OF EMIGRANTS.—The following interesting table was prepared by J. A. Kennedy, Esq., Superintendent of Castle Garden. It shows the destination and amount of money possessed by all the emigrants who arrived at this port during the eleven months previous to July 30, 1856. The table was prepared for the use of the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives, but has not yet been published. A recent article in the Merchants' Magazine valued a full-grown man at $1,000, actual cost. Adding this amount to the sums shown by the table to have been possessed by the emigrants, how valuable to a new country must this emigration appear. The following is the table:

Destination.	Number of Emigrants.	Am't of their cash capital.
Six New England States	8,184	$121,521 01
Fifteen Slave States and D. C.	3,356	184,686 73
New York	39,941	1,391,625 00
New Jersey	2,372	71,855 70
Pennsylvania	9,621	316,533 75
Ohio	6,117	279,633 90
Indiana	1,309	132,861 63
Illinois	7,712	296,456 30
Michigan	2,887	129,300 58
Wisconsin	10,457	1,045,681 22
Iowa	1,855	245,315 40
California	896	165,125 15
Minnesota	803	35,156 00
Kansas	9	125 00
Utah	1,829	53,670 93
Oregon	1	10 00
Total	103,309	$3,208,560 51
Total of the Free States and Territories	103,561	$3,203,060 21

—*New York Sun.*

A FUNNY MESSAGE.—The Utica Observer says the following message was handed into the telegraphic office in that city a few days since:—

"To ——.

"Third Epistle of John, 13 and 14 verses.

"Signed ——"

By referring to the text, it will be seen that there is quite a respectable letter contained in the verses designated and a small amount of money saved, viz.:

"I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write to thee.

"But I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet thy friends by name."—3rd John, 13 and 14.

Thackeray, on his first visit to this country, was introduced in Charleston, S. C., to Mrs. C——, one of the leaders of society there. Thinking to be witty he said: "I am happy to meet you, Mrs. C——; I've heard, madame, that you were a fast woman." "Oh, Mr. Thackeray," she replied, with one of her most fascinating smiles, "we must not believe all we hear. I have heard, sir, that you were a gentleman." The English wit admitted, afterwards, that he had the worst of it.

HIPPOPHAGY.—At a late dinner of sportsmen at Lyons, France, one of the dishes was a fine piece of horse-flesh. The animal furnishing this dish was a four year old, which had been put to death at the veterinary school, in consequence of having broken its leg. The unanimous opinion of the guests was, that it resembled venison.

NEWS ITEMS.

FILTRATION BY ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.—A new description of filter has been brought forward and exhibited. A pint of water, dark and turbid, was poured into a glass vessel, and in an instant it was poured forth clear as crystal. This very rapid process of filtration was produced by atmospheric pressure on the water, and it is claimed that a thousand gallons may be filtered by the same process in an hour.

STORM AND FRESHET IN THE HUDSON AT ALBANY.—A very severe rain storm prevailed at Albany, N. Y., only ceasing on the morning of the 21st, for thirty-six hours, only. It caused great damage to the crops, bridges, mills, &c. The lower island was overflowed, and the garden crops destroyed. The docks and piers were all under water, and goods were removed from the warehouses, as the water was rapidly rising.

JULLIEN AS AN ORATOR.—At a private festival meeting, previous to the opening of the Surrey gardens, London, Mons. Jullien expressed his determination to make the shilling concerts equal in every respect to the best ancient concerts, and continued—"I would say—*on*—de programme shall be all good—de classique—de *la* mooseke. No. Arlways from de time I give de first concerte in Paris—it was ven I was seventeen—I put in the programme de Sue—classique—mooseke; but, always also de frivole—de populaire mooseke. Some time I have write good. But I write for de many—de frivole. De frivole make dem comb. Ven dey comb, I give dem besser. I affair shinesherbread, and when dey come I give dem r-r-rust beef!"

"WOMEN'S RIGHTS."—At a recent *Schutzenfest* (shooting festival) in Switzerland, the first prize was awarded to a beautiful young lady, daughter of a Bernese Councilman.

AN OVERSEER KILLED.—Silas Rogers, an overseer on the plantation of Thomas J. Brown, near Woodville, Miss., while whipping some of the slaves on the 3rd inst., was set upon, knocked down and choked to death. Nine of the slaves were arrested.

THE SUB-MARINE CABLE LAID.—The sub-marine cable from the great point from Nantucket to Monomay Point, Cape Cod, Mass., a distance of fourteen miles, was most successfully laid on August 19th, by the steamer Telegraph, under the superintendance of Mr. S. C. Bishop, of New York. It is expected to be in complete working order in two or three days.

CHILD KILLED BY A RAT.—On Wednesday week, a child, 18 months old, was bitten on the scalp by a rat in the house of its parents, in Worth street, New York. A doctor was called in, who tried in vain to stop the hemorrhage, and the child died on Thursday morning.

PROLIFIC.—A single female house fly, it is said, will produce in one season twenty millions.

The Buffalo Courier tells a story of a Quaker who called upon Mr. Burlingame during his western tour. Broadbrim simply observed: "Thee has done well in inviting thy friend to Canada. I am glad thee has courage—it is a good thing for one in thy situation," and without waiting for an answer withdrew.

A private note from the Hon. Charles Sumner, dated at Cresson, on the Allegheny mountains, on Friday last, informs us that he is, at least, convalescent, the mountain air having had a beneficial effect. For three days he had been able to ride on horseback. It is, however, still uncertain how long he may yet be obliged to forego all mental labor, and especially the excitement of public speaking.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

At a recent *Schutzenfest* (shooting festival) in Switzerland, the first prize was awarded to a young lady, a beauty of the country, daughter of a Berne councilman.

The old adage that "lightning never strikes twice in the same spot," has been nearly disproved in the town of Essex, Massachusetts, where, on Monday afternoon, it struck seven times, and had previously struck there eighteen times this summer.

Mr. George Rye, of Woodstock, Shenandoah county, Virginia, who was a delegate to the Philadelphia Republican Convention, was ordered to leave the State by a public meeting on the 7th July, but up to the 22d no attempt had been made to enforce the order. Shenandoah county is in the mountain region of Virginia, east of the main range of the Alleghanies, in the northern part of the State.

THE FUR OF THE RAT.—Rats, which the people of this country hold in utter abhorrence, living or dead, are highly prized in France. Recently, we are given to understand, a company has been established upon the Hudson Bay merchant's principle. They buy up all the rats they can command, for the sake of the fur pertaining to these animals, which they afterwards, when cleansed and dressed, use in the manufacture of hats. It is stated that the nap of the rat is softer than that of the beaver.

UTILIZING THE SEWERAGE OF CITIES.—Efforts are being made by the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office to ascertain, by experiment, the most practicable means of rendering available as fertilizers the fetid matter and sewerage of large cities. This is one of several important questions which Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, has been employed to investigate, and it is expected that in the course of his engagement he will visit most of the principal cities of the Union.

THE GROWING COTTON AND THE STORM.—The recent storm is now ascertained to have extended largely over the cotton region of the Gulf, but as very little of the cotton was open for picking, no serious damage is apprehended, providing the weather remains fine for a couple of weeks. The maturity of the growing plant, however, has been retarded by the storm at least ten days.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—Mr. Meacham, member of Congress, from Vermont, died at Middlebury, in that State, on the 23d inst., after a short illness, of congestion of the brain.

THE EMEUTE AT MOBILE.—We have further intelligence from Mobile in relation to the recent action of the Vigilance Committee, in the case of Messrs. Strickland & Upson, booksellers. It appears that the publication which was found in the possession of a slave, was the well known work of Frederick Douglass, entitled, "My Bondage and Freedom," and that it was for sale, and had been sold by them to some considerable extent.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull:

Loans.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pct of	102	102½
" "	107	107½
" "	103	103½
" "	103	103½
Penn 5 per ct	91	91
" " new	97½	98
Cam City 6 per ct	90	—
Phila 6 per ct	94	95
" " coupon	94	95
Allg'y city 6 per ct	—	64
" county	69½	71
Allo co P Rail's	80	85
Penn "	—	—
" "	83	85½
" " coupon	83	86
Penn 6 per ct	91½	92½
" "	—	—
" " coupon	76	78
Kentucky 6 per ct	102	102½
Penn RR 6 per ct	99	100
Sch nav 5's	77	80
C & Am RR 6 per ct	78	80
Hon Mea RR "	143	—
P G & N RR "	92	93
Reading RR "	86½	87
Sch nav "	72	74
Lehigh Nav "	85½	86
Mor "	80	90
C & D C "	80	90½
Sus & Tid "	65½	66
Will'ms & Elmira 1st mortgage	72	74
" do 2d	62	63
Railroad Stocks.		
Cam & Amboy	122	124
Penna	68½	69
Bel Meadow	58½	60
North Penna	12	13
Phil Ger & Nor	98	99½
Reading	44	45
" preferred	—	50
Minehill	63½	63½
Har & Lan	54½	55½
Chester Valley	3	5
Texas	10	—
" preferred	25	—
P W & Balt	12½	13
Long Island	12½	12½
Canal Stocks.		
Schuyl Nav	10½	10½
" preferred	20½	21
Lehigh Nav	75	76
Morris	13½	14
" preferred	99½	100
C & Del	—	90
Union	91	10
New Jersey	10	11½
Wil'sport & Elmira	24	25
Catawissa	11½	12
Bank Stocks.		
North America	154	155
Penna	114	114½
Girard	114	115
Western	70	71
Man & Mech	98	99
Commerce	98	99
Tradesmen's	98	—
City	64	64
Consolidating	100	76
United States	—	—
Pittsburg	58	—
M & M Pitts	9½	9½
Ex'ge Pitts	59½	—
Kentucky	106	109
Northern, Ky	112	—
Louisville, Ky	110	—
Cairoare, Ky	107½	—
Union, N'sh, Tenn	100	01
Planter's, Tenn	95	100
Com & R Viola	13	8
N O Gas Lt	111	112

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The last rains having increased the prospect of feed, the farmers are holding on to their cattle for higher prices, consequently the receipts this week have materially fallen off. The cattlings at the Drove Yards have been about 625 head, being 81 less than were required to supply the butchers. 120 head were retained by the drovers in the different feeding places near the city. Prices have advanced at least 50c a lb; common qualities of cattle, which would have brought only 5c two weeks ago, realized 6 to 6½ lb.

The following were the sales at the Bull's Head:—

30 head of Ohio sold by P. Hathaway, at sale, poor quality, 5½c.

75 head of Virginia, middling quality, at 6@6½c.

100 Ohio, middling quality, at 6@6½c. Sold by John Todd.

50 head of Chester county, sold by P. Hathaway, at 6@6½c.

200 Chester county, by different persons, within the range of 6@6½c.

Strickland's very few cattle were offered.

2 head were sold at 8½@8¾c per lb.

The quality of the offerings were, on the whole, very common.

Cows and Calves—There is no new feature to notice in this description of stock. 150 were disposed of during the week, within the range of $25@50 each.

Hogs—The receipts of this week foot up two head. J. Hooper reports sales of two head, selling one very fine corn fed, from Baltimore, at 7½c; 6 cwt., 200 head are left over.

Sheep and Lambs—The demand for both continues quite active, as 6 head have been disposed of this week at Torbert's and Strickland's; 81 Sheep at $3@4.50; stock $3.25@3. and Lambs $3.50@4.50, as to quality and condition. Mr. Torbert reports the following receipts at his Yard for the week—120 Cattle, 800 Sheep, 200 Hogs, 40 Cows and Calves, and 50 Horses.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

For Beef Cattle the market was active at an advance of 25@50 lbs on the figures of last week. There were 81 head offered at the scales, 2-3rds of which were driven to Philadelphia. 12 head of very extra quality were sold to go out of the market at 8½, and the balance (66 head) were taken by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from 6½, 7 and 8c on the hoof, equal to $12@15 per head, and averaging 6¾c.

HOGS—Have been in ample supply and prices have fallen off 50@75c per 100 lbs. Sales were made at the scales at $7.50@8 per 100 lbs.

SHEEP—Sheep continue scarce and in good demand. We quote them firm at 6@6½ lb. gross.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL
No. 77 Dock Street.

Meats.			
Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib ℔ lb	15@18	Breast and Neck	9
Sirloin Steak	16@18	Whole carcase	8@9½
Rump do	14@15	Veal.	
Chuck pieces	10@12	Fore quarter ℔ lb	9
Plates and navels, corned	8@10	Hind do	11
Tongues, fresh, each	42	Chops	12½
Tongues, each	37½@50	Cutlet	14
Skin	25 a 37½	Sweetbread, each	18¾
Kidney	10 a 12½	Pork.	
Liver ℔ lb	6½	Young Pigs, each	$1 50@2
Dried Beef ℔ lb	20	Salt and fresh ℔ lb	10 a 12½
Lamb.		Feet ℔ set	18½@31½
Fore quarter	$1 00	Tripe ℔ lb	4 a 6½
Hind do	1 25	Leaf do	6@6½
Chop ℔ lb	14@16	Hams Smoked	12½@14
Calves Head, each	25@37½	Bologna Sausage	20
Leg, Loin, Chop ℔ lb	25		
Poultry and Game.			
Turkeys each	$1 50 a 2 00	Plover pair	50 a
Ducks pr	87½@1 25	Blackbirds doz	25 a 31
Chickens ap pr	40 a 87½	Rail doz	50@62
Old do	1 00 a 1 50	Reedbirds doz	31 a 37½
Spring Pig's ea doz	25 a 31	Robins doz	37½
Woodcock pr	50 a 62	Sand Snipe doz	37½
Frogs doz	25 a 50		
Shellfish.			
Salt Shell Crabs doz	$2@2 50	Terrapin doz	6 00 a 8 00
Hard do	37½ a 50	Oysters, Alsopens	37½@50
Green Turtle ℔ lb	12 a 16	Scollops qt	37½@50
Lobster do	8 a 10	Clams M	2 00 a 2 50
Fish.			
Sh'p Head	15 a 20	Rock	8 a 10
Halibut	10 a 12	Perch bunch	12½ 25
Bass	8	Catfish	6 a 12½
Perches	4 a 6	Eels	6 a 12
Flounders	6 a 8	Salt Shad ℔	12
Cod	8	" Mackerel	12
Black Fish	8	Dry Cod	4 a 6
Sturgeon ℔ lb	8	Sm'kd Herring bunch	6½
Fruit.			
Peaches basket	$1 a1 87	Wild Cherries qt	12½
Watermelons each	10 a 50	Plums qt	12½
" do hundred	$2 a 5	Grapes qt	4 a 5
Citrons each	3 a 5	Apples ℔ basket	25 a 50
do basket	37 a 50	Do ℔ bl lb	3 a 16
Lemons do	14 a 16	Pears basket	37½a 87½
Huckleberries	16 a 18	Do ℔ peck	8 a 25
Elderberries qt	6½	Apricots qt	12½
Vegetables.			
Tomato's bkt	25 a 31½	Cucumbers bkt	12½@25
Do ℔ pk.	8 a 12	Nw p'toes bus	$1 00@1 25
String beans bkt	25 a1 00	Do bkt	75 a 87½
Do ℔ pk	25	Do ℔ pk	8 a 16
Peas bkt	87½@1 00	Sw't p'toes ℔ bl	$1 50@1 75
Do ℔ pk	25 a 31	Do ℔ lb	6 a 8
Squashes doz	12½ 18¾	Onions bus	87½@1 00
Turnips bkt	6½ a 25	Do ℔ pk	12½ 25
Beets bunch	4 a 5	Corn bkt	37 a 40
Cabbage bbl	$1 50@1 75	Do doz	10 a 12½
Do head	6 a 12	Rhubarb bunch	4 a 6
Celery bunch	6 a 12	Lima Beans qt	12½a 16
Seed head	2 a 4	Spanish ℔ pk	12½
Mushrooms qt	12½	Carrots doz	12½
Egg Plants each	6 a 12	Peppers doz	10

The market has been better supplied owing to the late rains, which have had a very beneficial effect on the crops of late. Fruit and Vegetables. Peaches however continue scarce and light. The Melon and Citron crop is fine. Common Potatoes have fallen off in price, and the yield will no doubt, prove large, though fears were entertained at first, owing to the dry weather, that the crop would not bear an average crop. Sweet Potatoes are less abundant, and remain at the same rate as per last report. Fine few berries are in market. Meats are unchanged. Fish is plenty, and sells at fair prices. Oysters are becoming good, and the demand daily increasing. Game such as black birds, reedbirds, rail, robbins, &c., may be had at reasonable rates, though the rail bird need are yet by no means in good order. Butter commands 20@25 ℔ lb. and eggs 18@20 ℔ dozen.

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR, &c.—The demand for Western Canal is quite active, with light arrivals, prices are again better. The better grades are the same, and the stock in store is much reduced. There also is a good demand for common to good superfine State, $7.75@8.35 for extra State, $8.20@8.30 for superfine Indiana and Upper Lake, $8.30@8.55 for common to good superfine Ohio, $8.60@8.90 for common to fair extra Ohio, $8.90 for fair to very good extra Ohio, and $8.50@8.90 for St. Louis brands.

Canadian flour is dearer and in small request. The sales are 150 bbls at $8.20@8.50 for extra brands. Southern Flour is more better, the supply quite limited, and the inquiry good. Sales of 700 bbls at $8.87½@9 for mixed to good straight brands, Baltimore, Alexandria, &c., and $9@9.25 for favorite, fancy, and extra brands. Rye Flour is in moderate request at $5.25@5.50 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is dearer. Sales of 700 bbls Jersey at $4.31½, and Brandywine at $4.37½.

GRAIN—The assortment of Wheat is poor, and with a good demand, for competing parcels, prices of prime are higher; sales of 2,000 bus white Kentucky at $1.64@1.65; 6,400 bus red Indiana at $1.57½; 4,200 bus white Ohio at $1.60@1.68; 1,200 bus Canadian Club at $1.60 for inferior; 9,500 bus white at $1.58@1.59; 1,900 bus Chicago, spring, at $1.55@1.56; 4,200 bus Southern white at $1.55, and 1,400 do at $1.60@1.70 for inferior to prime. Rye is firm; sales of 1,000 bus old at 85c. Oats are better, with light arrivals; sales of State at 46@48c, and Western at 47@49c. Corn is in good request, and with little here, holders are able to realize better prices; sales of 26,000 bus at 64@66c for inferior to prime mixed Western; 6,000 for Southern yellow, and 3,000 for Southern white.

COFFEE—But little has transpired, all kinds are firm; sales of 900 bags Rio, mostly at 11@c; a small lot at 11½c; 50 do Java, mixed at 9½c and 50 bags Laguayra at 11@11½c.

SUGARS—are steady and fairly active; sales of 400 hhds Porto Rico at 7½@8c; and 700 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 7½@8c; and 35 do, in bond at 6½c.

MOLASSES—The market continues to exhibit great firmness, with a good demand, though at the moment no important sales have been made. We notice only 45 Southern at 14c, cash, as they run. The stock is 31,000 against 71,000 same time last year.

MOLASSES—Very little is doing; prices are steady. Sales of 50 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 4½c, and 250 bbls Texas on terms not made public.

WHISKEY—The market is better, with a good inquiry; sales of 600 bbls at 34@35c for Ohio and Prison.

PROVISIONS—The market opened quite firm, but at the close was less firm, with a stronger desire to sell. The sales are 1,700 bbls at $17.25@18.37½ for mess and $17.87½@18 for prime. Included in the sales are 1000 bbls mess, seller's option all September, at $18.25. Beef is in good request and firm; sales of 300 bbls at $8@$9 for country mess, $9@$9 for prime, at $11 for repacked mess, and $14@15 for extra. Beef Hams and prime mess are nominal. Bacon is quiet at 11½c. Cut meats are dull at former prices. Lard is firm; the inquiry is fair; sales of 300 bbls at 13½@13¾c. Butter is in good demand, and is steady; sales of Ohio at 14@16c and State at 17@20c. Cheese is in request at 9@10c.

LEATHER—A good demand continues to prevail at very full prices. We repeat our movement for the week, with some corrections:—

	Hemlock.	Oak.
Receipts,	58,000	6,000
Sales,	62,000	8,400
Stock,	72,000	4,400

HAY—A good inquiry for shipping, and the market is firm; sales of 2,000 at 65@65c per 100 pounds.

TALLOW—The supply is moderate, and holder are firm; sales of 12,000 lbs. prime at 11½c, cash.

OILS—English Linseed continues in active demand, and we notice sales of 7000 gallons at $1.05 in casks, and $1.07 in bbls. At these prices, however, crushers are by no means free sellers of any large lots. To arrive, we hear of no sales. Nothing, however, of early arrival can be had under $1, at which it is freely held, and the in-shot closes buoyant, with further upward tendency, as the demand is entirely legitimate, and free from any speculation.

In Boston the market has again advanced, and Oil there is now held at $1.02½ per gallon. Crude Whale is freely held at 40c, and upward, but nothing further has transpired. Refined is in fair demand, at steady rates. Crude Sperm is steady at $1.45@1.50. No further sales have transpired. Manufactured is active at $1.45@1.55 for Spring and Winter Unbleached. Lard Oil is firmly held at 92@93c, cash and 4 mos. Olive Oil is in fair request at $3.37½@3.75 for quarts and pints. Red Oil is inactive, but prices are firm at 85@90c, cash and 4 mos, the latter rate for a strictly prime article only. Camphene is selling at 43@44c.

HOPS—The market is dull. We quote Eastern and Western at 7@10c as to quality.

August 25.—Flour is dearer, 7,000 bbls sold at $8.37½@8.50 for State; $8.40@8.50 for Ohio; $7.30@8 for Southern, $7.45@8.50 for extra brands. Wheat is advanced, sales of 22,000 bus at $1.60@1.70 for Western Red; $1.65@1.68 for Southern White, Western White, $1.65@1.70. Corn is lower, 50,000 bus sold at 63½ for mixed; 65c for Yellow and 70 for White. Mess Pork dressing, sales at $19,12½@20. Beef, heavy. Lard, firm. Whiskey, quiet.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The Africa arrived at New York on the 20th, with Liverpool dates to the 9th. The North American arrived at Quebec, on the 21th, with Liverpool dates to the 10th.

In Great Britain there was no political news of importance.

The London papers notice certain extraordinary statements as in circulation at Paris, respecting affairs at the Tuileries, and call on the Emperor to stop the calumny.

The following paragraph from the London Star alludes to the same matter. "There are some very unhappy rumors floating all over Paris, about the state of things at the Tuileries, which we sincerely hope are entirely without foundation. Moreover, the statements gather strength, and are repeated from day to day. Now that the Emperor has returned to Paris, it ought to be his first duty to bring the authors of these calumnies to justice. The Legitimate and Republican parties in Paris, without doubt, take care that the stories do not lose their exciting interest by repetition. We are sorry to add that the character of the Empress Eugenie continues to be most cruelly aspersed."

Messrs. Broadwood & Sons great piano forte establishment in London, was burning when the steamer left, and, but little hope of any part of its valuable stock being saved, was entertained.

FRANCE.—The latest intelligence from the French harvest states that it has terminated in the south of France, and is proceeding in the central and northern districts. It has proved inferior beyond the Garonne and along the banks of the Rhone, middling between the Garonne and Loire, but magnificent in every part north of the Loire.

There have been immense arrivals of wheat at Marseilles.

SPAIN.—The latest advices from Madrid simply state that there is nothing new, but report that quiet prevails throughout Spain. Espartero has taken an amicable leave of the Queen. General Serrano has been appointed Spanish Minister to Paris. General O'Donnell has not yet promulgated the programme of his Ministry.

Distressing accounts are received from Madrid, with regard to the ravages of the cholera in that city.

The London Times on the Brooks and Sumner Affair.

(From the Times, August 7th.)

We have recently felt it our duty to protest against that reckless impatience which depreciates the utility and despises the privileges of a legislative assembly. We have denounced it as one of the most dangerous symptoms of our social politics; as evidencing a forgetfulness of the liberties which are involved in parliamentary freedom of speech and the price which was paid for their attainment; and as indicating a propensity which, under the influences of commercial prosperity or unconstitutional despotism, might degenerate into absolute servility. We have protested against it the more because the present age already sees too many examples of nations abandoning the true love of freedom, and bartering the birthright of self government for the questionable advantage of an energetic centralization; and we are convinced that from the moment the nations of Europe are inflicted with this preference of "action" to discussion—of things done by a Government to debates raised by a Legislature—from that moment will be destroyed the strongest bulwarks of national dignity, greatness and self-reliance. Nothing could be more appalling to all rational lovers of freedom than the universal spectacle of governmental machinery acting with such correctness, celerity and aplomb as to dispense with the expression of national opinion and the collision of popular discussion.

It was for this, among other reasons, that we especially deprecated a war with the people of the United States of America, as being not only a kindred race with ourselves, but the only other nation in the world in one representative institutions were based upon the same principles and enjoyed the same liberty as our own. To have pitted two such countries in a sanguinary contest against one another, would have been to offer a holocaust of precious blood on the altars of couching and derisive despotism throughout the world, to have armed tyranny with new weapons, and to have strangled the nascent efforts of oppressed nations struggling to get free.

The sympathy which thus attaches us to the Constitution of the United States is derived from those feelings which make us cherish our own—a love of country, a love of independence, a love of free speech. We believe that representative institutions never were and never could be enjoyed by a people who did not entertain these feelings. But, though these are indispensable to the creation, they are not sufficient for the preservation of such a constitution. There must be a respect for order to check the license, a reverence for authority to restrain the turbulence of popular assemblies. Without this restraint and check a convention of Senators sinks to the level of a street mob or a beer garden. That it is easy—or, at any rate, not difficult—to reconcile the legitimate and necessary freedom of debate with that propriety and decorum without which the framers of our laws would inspire no respect, and our laws themselves obtain no obedience, is proved by the proceedings of our own Legislative Chambers. Discussions may be tedious—bores may too frequently obtrude themselves—the forms of Parliament may be too often resorted to for the purpose of evading or postponing a disagreeable question, but how rarely does either House present the spectacle of an indecorous fracas or a fur-trader collision! We believe that, excepting one case which happened in the House of Lords on the passing of the Reform Bill, and another in the House of Commons during the Irish debates, there is hardly a scene which could be cited as inconsistent with the dignity and self-respect of a Legislative Assembly. Perhaps we are unable to estimate aright the value of such demeanor. We may approximate to it by reading the criticisms occasionally put forth by continental journalists on the personal hostilities of the Senators and Representatives of the American Congress. These censures are often suggested by rencontres, unseemly enough, in provincial Legislatures, and which the critics confound with the collective meeting of the States; and when the mischief occurs in a provincial Legislature it is not of very serious consequence, but it is a very different thing when it occurs in the great deliberative Parliament of the whole Union. Then, indeed, may those who hate free institutions chuckle, and those who love them grieve.

Among the most shocking—to our notions, at least—was the assault recently committed by the representative of South Carolina, Mr. Brooks, on Mr. Sumner, Senator of Massachusetts. The provocation was a speech delivered in the Senate, by the latter, on the side of the Abolitionists. The speech was elaborately strong, but not stronger than many delivered within the walls of our own Parliament during the discussion on the Reform and Emancipation Bills. But it was strong enough to excite Mr. Brooks, a member of the Lower House, to the commission of what we should call a monstrous outrage. He assaulted Mr. Sumner while seated writing at a table in the Senate, struck him severely with a cane over the head, and left him insensible. Great indignation was excited in the Eastern States and in Congress. A motion was made, on the requisition of the Senate, for the expulsion of Mr. Brooks, which failed, not because it did not obtain an actual majority of votes, but because it did not obtain the legal majority required. Upon this, Mr. Brooks resigned his seat, and took leave of the House of Representatives in a speech which not only did not contain any apology for the assault, but boldly justified it, and claimed the sympathies of the world.

It is this conduct which strikes us with astonishment. We can understand that, in the hot conflict of passions and interests between the slave holders and the Emancipationists, one legislator might be so far carried away by his impetuosity as to strike another. But we cannot figure to ourselves a legislator deliberately and premeditatedly watching his opportunity to assault a man sitting at his desk in another House of Legislation, striking him before he could rise, beating him in the presence of his colleagues, and finally justifying this sacrilege against the national dignity to the assembled Delegates of the people. Where this can be done so easily as it seems to have been done by Mr. Brooks, we are inclined to fear that the license of action and immunity from control among the members of the American Congress are tending toward that line which separate extreme liberty from reactionary and vindictive despotism. Mr. Brooks, in his speech, entirely ignores the principle that Congress has a national and collective character. In his eyes it is only a fortuitous conglomeration of individual atoms, each as good as its neighbor, and the whole not a bit better than any one. Its right to regulate the conduct of members within its walls, to maintain order, to suppress violence, he regards as questionable or dangerous. "I do not," says he, "believe that the spirit of American freedom would tolerate slander in high places, and permit a Member of Congress to publish and circulate a libel on another, and then call upon either House to protect him against the personal responsibilities which he had thus incurred." That is to say, nobody had any right to say anything against Slavery without being prepared to fight or be caned on the spot. A rational and effectual inducement to free discussion this!

Of course we do not enter into the niceties of the constitutional question whether Mr. Brooks committed a breach of Parliamentary privilege, inasmuch as his victim was a member of the other and higher House, though it would be curious in this country to hear a member of the House of Commons deprecate a similar charge on the ground that he had only insulted a Peer in one of the committee-rooms. Nor do we very clearly see why Mr. Brooks should have embarrassed himself with the constitutional argument at all; for he has a theory of his own which proudly overrides all constitutional and legal niceties whatever. It is simply to cane or send a challenge to any member of either House who denounces his attack on Mr. Sumner; and one of these challengers, sent to a Congressional legislator, he actually read to the listening Representatives. A gentleman so ready with his cartel need hardly descend to the trivialities of constitutional privilege.

We are in general averse from criticising the peculiarities of foreign countries and governments. We know that much that seems to us strange and quixotical may proceed from causes with which we are imperfectly acquainted, and be palliated by circumstances which less correctly attract our notice. We have also now exaggerated and over-colored the converse exercise of ourselves by foreign hands. We should be particularly cautious in commenting upon the more strange anomalies in the political or social conditions of a new country like the United States, which is still in its growth and immaturity. But community of feeling, constitutional sympathies, and the knowledge that both we and they are jealously watched by the haters of free institutions, prompt us to warn them that scenes like those which we have cited, and declarations like those made by Mr. Brooks, are a discredit and a dishonor to free representative government. It is for the people and those whom they send to Congress to correct this unseemly defect, ere time, license and interference have made it irremediable.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 12.—The steamer Niagara arrived here on the 11th inst., but her news had no effect upon the Cotton market. The market closed yesterday at the same quotations as mid per Africa, with a moderate demand. The sales of the last two days were 11,000 bales, including 3000 bales to exporters, and 2000 bales taken on speculation.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market for Breadstuffs is generally unchanged, though the better grades show no improvement.

FLOUR.—The better grades of Flour have improved 6d a 1s. The leading quotations are as follows:—Western Canal, Philadelphia and straight Baltimore, 35s 6d; good Ohio 37s 6d a 38s 6d.

WHEAT.—Prices are generally stiffer, but unchanged, with the exception of better grades which have improved 2d.

CORN.—The market closed firm, with an improvement of 2d and the inferior and yellow. The quotations are, yellow 30s; white, 31s 6d.

PROVISIONS.—The market is generally unchanged, with limited business done. Beef remains as quoted per Africa. Bacon dull, without change in prices.

Lard is also unchanged, with limited business.

TALLOW.—Prices are weak, the transactions being only moderate. North American Tallow is quoted at 39s.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—Consols for money are quoted at 92 a 92¼.

LONDON, Tuesday Evening, Aug. 12.—There was no pressure for Money on the Stock Exchange this morning, but in the discount market the demand was still active.

PARIS, Monday, Aug. 11.—The three per cents are quoted at 70f. 30c.

THE STORM AT LONG ISLAND.—Later accounts from New Orleans confirm the accounts of the terrible destruction caused at Last Island, by the storm of the 11th inst. Every building on the island, save one, has been swept away. Among the drowned was the Hon. R. C. Thibodeaux, the American electoral candidate. Captain Mugerh, the proprietor of the Island Hotel, which was destroyed, is lost. A great number of vessels have been wrecked, and it is feared all on board have perished. Others are reported ashore. The Nautilus, Capt. Thompson, went down with hardly any warning, and as there was no vessel in her vicinity at the time, all on board shared her fate. She had fifty passengers, and a valuable freight of live stock. She had also $30,000, in specie. The Manilla sank, and all on board perished, save the captain, second mate, and one man. The list of the dead is now estimated at three hundred souls.

The New Orleans Picayune says:

"The wind began to blow at an early hour on Saturday evening, the 9th inst., and continued to blow all night. In the morning it increased, and by noon it blew a perfect hurricane. The wind commencing in the north, veered round to the east, and then south and southwest, thus blowing the waters in a heap, as it were, upon the Island, from every point of the compass. As the waters rose and the houses began to give way, the wretched victims sought the highest point of land, or were overwhelmed in the attempt; some were precipitated into the surging waters by the crash of houses, or bruised by the floating timbers. Parents saw their children and servants struggling in the throes of death before their eyes, with no power to help them. Husbands and wives bowed before the wrath of the pitiless storm-fiend. Many attempted to get on board the steamboat Star, which was lying near, and while many perished in the attempt, others succeeded, but such was the strength of the raging tempest, that the boat itself was wrecked, and those that finally survived were taken clinging to its shattered remains, there being scarcely anything of it left but the hull and boilers.

Many, we are assured, were overwhelmed by the debris of wood, and now lie buried there whose names even will probably never be known till the sea gives up its dead. The hurricane continued all Sunday night and Monday and Monday night. The scenes of those awful nights no pen can describe, nor shall we attempt it. As soon as the storm had in a goodly measure subsided, and the news of the awful event reached the neighboring canal the planters and others hastened to the rescue, and did all they could to save the living. On Monday the steamer F. X. Aubery was despatched to the scene of the catastrophe, and took off the surviving sufferers.

A RATHER TOUGH YARN.—An exchange prints the following unbelievable statement. Can it be true?

"The celebrated German doctor, Zibergmann, for several years established in Russia, has just arrived in Paris, where he intends putting into practice his infallible system for regenerating the human head with hair. The doctor does not promise, by any of the old systems—such as the iodic pomades, fractions, &c.—to bring about his marvellous cures. He simply renders the hairless individual insensible with chloroform, after having chosen the color of hair required, and then, pricking the scalp full of orifices with a fine instrument, he inserts, by transplantation from another individual, the required quantity of hair. The hair is first dipped in a composition which has the quality of making it grow in its new soil. Thus the patient, who went to sleep bald, awakens with a living wig."

POLITICAL NEWS.

REPUBLICAN MASS MEETING.—The Republicans of Philadelphia held a mass meeting on Tuesday, August 19th, at National Hall. The meeting was very large and spirited. Hon. Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, and Hon. Anson Burlingame, were the principal speakers. Mr. Burlingame's appearance was greeted with the most frantic and indescribable enthusiasm. The cheering, varied with groans for Brooks, continued for several minutes.—His speech, which was very long, was continually interrupted with applause.

MASSACHUSETTS POLITICS.—The Whig State Committee, at Boston, endorse Mr. Fillmore and the American State nomination.

VIRGINIA.—A Republican meeting was held at Wheeling, recently. One of the two speakers, a Dr. Smith, was assaulted upon leaving the house, by a mob who had gathered round the door, and severely kicked and cuffed. Turning upon his assailants, in the scuffle two men, named Harding and Ward, were wounded—the latter seriously. The Dr. made his escape to a hotel, where he was seized by the police and taken to prison—the Wheeling Argus says in order to prevent his being lynched on the spot.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.—The N. Y. Herald says: "The idea of running Fremont for the Presidency originated with the Democratic party, or with some of its managers, which is the same thing. *Less than a year ago, had Fremont consented to ride the Nebraska Bill, he would, to all probability, have been adopted as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.* We know what we say, and the whole mystery in due season will be fully explained."

IOWA ELECTION.—Complete returns from the First Congressional District give Curtis, Republican, 1509 majority over Hall, Dem. In the Second District, all the counties being heard from except six, Davis, Republican, has 5775 majority over Leffler, Dem. Republican majority thus far, 7284. In 1854, the Republicans had 1372 majority in the State.

A FUNNY "SELL."—Some are all the rage at present but of all the jokes current we know of nothing so decidedly rich as to read a paragraph [calling to see where the laugh comes in], and find after all that it resolves itself into a recommendation to—buy—your—clothing—at—the—Brown Stone Clothing Hall of ROCKHILL & WILSON, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut Street.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?—We think the following letter from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISSISSIPPI, June 6, 1855.

DR. KEYS S. HANCE, *Baltimore, Maryland*—DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Ligon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. By the time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating his body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original equilibrium. All this I take a great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them.

Yours, respectfully, &c., W. F. LIGON.

No person who is suffering from Fits, or Spasms, should neglect sending to Dr. HANCE, after this, for a supply of his unfortunate medicine. His prices are as follows: one box $1; two $1; twelve $10—sent by mail free, on the receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 102 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

OXYGENATED BITTERS, A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—The proprietors do not claim that this medicine is infallible, but refer to certificates of gentlemen well known to the public, for abundant proof that they have been remarkably successful.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
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S. RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 9 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, and that such is not the case is proved by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The remedy has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used.

DANVILLE, Pa., July 23, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alteratives. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the remedies that I saw recommended, and have been also under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I could scarcely support my self sufficiently to feed myself, my speech was to such affected that I could scarcely be understood. In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alteratives last fall, and in a few weeks was unspeakable pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single Fit, the use of my hands and arm restored, and my speech being nearly entirely restored, my opponents to good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alteratives, and a couple dozen of DR. JAYNE'S PILLS, and most say that I attribute my life to the use of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alteratives the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to use no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WILT.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen,	H. S. Brown,
Geo. S. Sanders,	G. W. Ketterd,
James M. Jones,	Thomas Woods,

J. P. MOORE.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 94 CHESTNUT St. aug21-tf

TO PERSONS SUFFERING.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great sickness, suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 69 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jy5-tf

PRETTY LITTLE PLATITUDES.—"He who can compose like men ought to evidently superior to the composer of such an opera as 'Le Prophete.'" The alderman were compared his appetite is immeasurably above a composer like General Walker. America, who rules the waves, is not to be admired half so much as the woman who rules her tempers, and altogether less than the man who manufactures and sells such beautiful geometric as those from the palatial store of Granville Stokes, No. 308 Chestnut Street.

IT IS HARD WORK to teach people who can learn nothing without being taught. You may, indeed, describe the advantages to be derived—you may recommend—you may cite numerous instances of bad colds, headaches, catarrhs or incipient consumptions—say, even where hopeless cases of deafness have been cured by the use of a certain remedy—yet, after all, there is nothing you can say, half so convincing, as a pinch of DEMAS'S SNUFF.

ONCE, A SUFFERER FROM CATARRH.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. WILLIAM H. S. ELLIS, formerly of Dennisville, Cape May county, N. J., to Miss ELEANOR W., daughter of the late CHAS. J. WAGNER, of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES ROBINSON, to Miss MARTHA A. REED, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. James Chamberlain, GEORGE SOLTAU, of England, to MISS ANN H. HALLEY, of this city.

On the 21st instant, by Elder W. M. Wellstood, Mr. CHARLES JONES, to Miss MARY A. PEOPLES, all of Frankford.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Thomas C. Murphy, Mr. CHARLES H. TYSE, to MARTHA J. STITT, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. William Urie, Captain CHARLES O. LOVEL, of Mass., to Miss ELIZABETH W. CLIFTON, daughter of Matthias Clifton, Esq., of Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Thomas C. Yarnall, Mr. ALFRED SHAW, of New Orleans, to Miss MARTHA JOHNSTON, of West Philadelphia.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. G. W. Gerhart, Mr. JOSEPH H. WHITE, to Miss ELIZA CARMAN, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. G. Morris, Mr. LEWIS TORBASON, to FANNY, daughter of P. B. Borland, Esq., both of this city.

On the 8th May inst., by the Rev. John A. Riehle, JOSEPH O. DONOVE, M. D., to Miss KATE W. MORTON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. John McDowell, D. D., Mrs. ANNA C. PARKER, of this city, to the Rev. J. N. HOFFMAN, Pastor of the Lutheran Trinity Church, Reading, Pa.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. George Quigley, of Germantown, Mr. WILLIAM W. ASH, to Miss ANNA M. daughter of Wm. T. Street, Sr. of Frankford, Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Kingston Goddard, WILLIAM J. MARTIEN, to JOHN E. daughter of Wm. M. Snowden, Esq. both of this city.

On the 12th of June, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE BROOKS, to Miss JULIA THOMAS, adopted daughter of Cartwright Hagen, both of Philadelphia.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. Wesley Kearney, Mr. ROBERT J. CAMPBELL, to Miss AMANDA M. NEWHOUSE, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. James H. Mason Knox, Mr. WILLIAM H. HUNSON, to MARY B. daughter of Jas. G. Gibson, Esq. of Germantown.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. George Strobel, Mr. FREDERICK J. REDDEN, of New York, to Miss THERESA B. SCHLEAR, of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. James Challen, Mr. GEORGE W. WEINBERG, to Mrs. ELIZABETH GLENDINNE.

On the 13th instant, at Camden, by the Rev. W. R. Ferry, GEORGE W. TAYLOR, to MARGARET M. HORN, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON to Miss CHARLOTTE PYLES.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. J. F. Anderson, Mr. THOMAS RITTS, of Lower Merion, to Miss HARRIET RIMBY, of Delaware county.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, Mr. WILLIAM GRAHAM, of Carlisle, Pa formerly of Harrisburg

On the 16th instant, RACHEL V. widow of the late Daniel T. Corkle, aged 37 years.

On the 19th instant, ANN ROBERTS, aged 56 years.

On the 19th instant, MARTHA, wife of John Mellaca, aged 50 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. ANN HOLLAND, aged 61 years, a native of Wales.

At Barren Hill, on the 19th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE H. MCCLEAN, aged 41 years.

On the 19th instant, JOSEPH M. JOHNSON, aged 3 years and 2 months.

On the 19th instant, MARGARET JANE, wife of John Burke, aged 36 years.

On the 18th instant, JOSEPH L. SMITH, one of the present County Commissioners, aged 44 years.

On the 18th instant, CLARA, daughter of Jas and Abigail B Worrington.

On the 16th instant, KATE TAYLOR aged 2 years.

On the 19th instant, ANDREW SCHEIL, Sr. aged 58 years.

On the 20th instant, ELIZABETH MOONEY, aged 24 years.

On the 20th instant GEORGE TIMOTHY, son of Jos. and Rebecca Mayer, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 19th instant, PRISCILLA, daughter of John and Mary J. Shaffer, aged 5 years.

On the 18th instant, at Chestnut Hill, ROBERT PATTERSON, aged 34 years.

On the 14th instant, HANNAHRITTA G. WOODMAN, daughter of Geo. W. and Mary A. Lowry, aged 5 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ELIZA, wife of Cooper Yeager, aged 46 years.

At Bridesburg, on the 16th instant, LAURA MATILDA, daughter of Owen and Caroline Gilees, aged 9 years and 4 months.

On the 17th instant, ELIZABETH COOPE.

On the 17th instant, FRANCIS THOMPSON, son of Jos. and Rebecca Pritchett, aged 7 years and 4 months.

On the 19th instant, Mr. THOMAS STEARETT, aged 80 years.

On the 18th instant, MARY LYBART, aged 6 years and 6 months.

On the 16th instant, JAMES OATHOUSE, aged 55 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM WATSON, aged 42 years.

On the 15th instant, HERBERT E. JONES aged 23 years.

On the 13th instant, SAMUEL L. son of Benj. and Lydia A. Rowan, aged 14 years.

On the 12th instant, SARAH BUTTERTON, aged 51 years.

Near Fox Chase, on the 18th instant, HARRIET F. daughter of Wm. and Rhoa Hughes, aged 3 years.

On the 16th instant, LUCINDA, daughter of Wm. and Clarissa H. Dilworth, aged 19 years.

On the 17th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Henry S. Reynolds, aged 40 years.

On the 17th instant, PHILIP J. son of Chas. and Elizabeth Feller, aged 2 years.

On the 20th instant, SILLA WHITE, aged 4 years and 8 months.

On the 18th instant, Mr. ISAAC MILLER, aged 45 years.

On the 20th instant, OWEN D. O'SULLIVAN, aged 22 years and 5 months.

On the 18th instant, PHILIP, son of Jacob and Elizabeth Lutz, aged 2 years and 6 months.

MAHAN'S FALL FASHIONS is now being mailed. Every tailor should avail himself of this work which for simplicity and accuracy is unequalled. The Plate contains accurate portraits of FILLMORE, BUCHANAN and FREMONT, with twenty other elegant figures. Terms—Reports Colored Plates $5 per annum. $1 00 for each. Reports and Uncolored Plates $3. Colored Plates, Pattern Sheet, &c., $3. Uncolored Plates, &c., $2 per year. P. MAHAN, No. 106 Chestnut Street. Letters copying 3 times will receive an elegantly Colored Plate. 1t

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS and others. By sending 6 cents to stamps you will receive, postage paid, a small work on the Bee, containing information not generally believed to be extant. P. J. MAHAN, Philada. 1t

IF YOU ARE BALD, and wish a good head of Hair, Eyebrows, Mustaches or Whiskers, grow quickly, or to change white or gray hair to its original color, or to a light brown or black, inclose four stamps to Prof. BERDALL, New York Post Office, and receive his valuable BOOK, containing full instructions to accomplish these objects. aug30-4t

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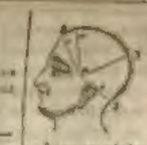

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SALOON SECRETS AND FARMERS' ENJOYMENT

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MR. MACE SLOPER'S VIEWS.

Talking of life, puts me in mind of what Mrs. Twiggles said a few days ago. She thought that a dinner was a good deal like life.

"Mr. Sloper," says she, "the soup is the baby time of life."

"Exactly," says I, "considerable slop and slobber."

"Not exactly," says she. "I mean that it is innocent and mild."

"Precisely," I replied, "and spooney."

"The fish," she continued, "is a more advanced period. It is like boyhood and girlhood, when we begin to find something more solid in life—"

"Yes," says I, "we begin to find that we have to work over to keep a-going."

"We advance to maturity," said she, without minding me, "with the more substantial food, and people begin to show what their tastes are, by what they choose."

"Yes," answered I, "and those that look out best for themselves, and can manage the waiters well, get the best helped! And as for the side-dishes—"

"Yes, Mr. Sloper, how do you regard the side-dishes?"

"With very great favor," says I. "They are the real tit-bits of life. They are light, fanciful, agreeable, and national. In fact they about answer to—beer!"

"A very good idea," replied Mrs. T. "Well—to continue. Game corresponds to a more advanced period—"

"Particularly if the game is a good deal advanced in flavor!"

"The pies and puddings and things," says the widow, "are old age, when we require little delicacies, and begin to be dainty and particular. As for the dessert, I must own that my powers of comparison are at fault."

"The dessert," says I, "shows what the fruits of life are, any how."

"And the cup of coffee without cream is the dark termination."

"And the thimble-full of cognac or Hiarty-skinne," answered I, "is the spirit which ain't dead yet, after all is wound up and settled."

"That may be your spirit," says the widow. "I don't pretend to carry out the comparison to such lengths."

And so we had really got to the end of our dinner, I escorted her to the ladies' parlor.—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

BENTON'S ANECDOTES.—Thomas H. Benton has a way of telling a story that the wits of the day might be proud of, if they could beg or borrow it. But it is Benton's own, and he needs no copyright to protect him in his exclusive use of it. Reading some of his recent stump speeches, interspersed with frequent piquant passages of humor, we were reminded of a sudden explosion of his magazine of ridicule, when, in the year 1841, the famous John Tyler Bank Bill was introduced into the United States Senate with the protracted title of "An act to provide for the better collection, safe keeping, and disbursement of the public revenue, by means of a corporation, to be styled the Fiscal Corporation of the United States."

Instantly on the title being read, Mr. Benton exclaimed,

"Heavens, what a name! long as the moral law. The people will never stand it. They cannot go through all that. Corporosity! that would be a great abridgment; but still it is too long. It is five syllables, and people will not go above two syllables, or three at most, and they often hang at one. I go for short names. The people will have them, though they spoil a long, good one to make a short one. There was a most beautiful young lady in New Orleans some years ago, as there always has been, and still are many such. She was a *Creole*, that is to say, born in this country of parents from Europe. A gentleman, who was building a splendid steamboat, took it into his head to honor this beautiful young lady by connecting her name with his vessel; and he bestowed upon it, in golden letters, the captivating designation of *La Belle Creole*. The vessel was beautiful, and the name was beautiful, and the lady was beautiful; but all the beauty on earth could not save the name from the catastrophe to which all long titles are subjected. At first they called her the *bell*—not the French *belle*, which signifies *fine or beautiful*—but the plain English bell, *defined* in Scripture to be a tinkling cymbal. This was bad enough, but worse was coming. It so happens that the vernacular pronunciation of *Creole* in the Kentucky waters is *cre- ow!*; so they began up there to call this beautiful boat the *Crowd*. But things did not stop here. It was too extravagant to employ two syllables when one would answer as well and be so much more economical, so the first half of the name was dropped and the last retained; and thus *La Belle Creole*—the beautiful Creole—sailed up and down the Mississippi all her life by the name, style, title, and description of THE OWL."

Roars of laughter in the Senate followed this story, and on went Benton with two or three more, but we will repeat but one of them; the last, and with which he concluded his remarks.

"I do not pretend to impose a name upon this bantling; that is a privilege of paternity, or of sponsorship, and I stand in neither relationship to this babe. But a name of brevity—of brevity and significance—it must have, and if the fathers and sponsors do not bestow it the people will, for a long name is abhorred and eschewed in all countries. Remember the fate of John Barebone, the canting hypocrite in Cromwell's time. He had a very good name, John Barebone; but the knave composed a long verse, like Scripture, to sanctify himself with it, and entitled himself thus: 'Praise God, Barebone, for if Christ had not died for you, you would be damned, Barebone.' Now this was very sanctimonious, but it was too long—too much of a good thing—and so the people cut it all off but the last two words, and called the fellow 'damned *Barebone*,' and nothing else all his life after. So let this corporosity beware; it may get himself damned before it is done with us, and Tyler too."

MODEL EQUESTRIANISM.—A correspondent of Life Illustrated, gives the following as a portion of the experience of a cadet at west Point:

"When I came back from my furlough, my class had ridden for a year—I only for a week or two. Nothing daunted, however, by this, and blindly trusting to fortune, and my own powers, I buckled on a pair of rusty spurs, bound myself securely to an enormous saber with a ponderous iron scabbard and sallied forth. A dragoon brought me a raw-boned, vicious-looking animal, which, after some preliminary difficulties, I succeeded in mounting.

"'Trot!' Horse started—he did it; half off my saddle. I had never been taught to keep my heels turned well out, and accordingly my spurs went in. Horse 'went in' too. Motion peculiar. Began to suspect I was losing my balance. Sabre flew out and hit the horse on the head. In plunged my spurs deep among his ribs. Another jump. Sabre flew back and hit him on the flanks. Spurs worked convulsively among his bones—jump, thump, spur! Horse reared; seized his mane; kicked up; caught his ears and saved myself. It began to grow exciting. Finally, horse started off. Such a race! Pulling on the mane had no tendency to check his mad career. Rather seemed to irritate him. Had a good hold with the spurs, but did not consider myself perfectly safe. Sabre flew up and hit me in the face. Blind for a moment, and heard something drop. Looked up into the saddle and saw I was not there. Concluded it must be me on the ground. Horse standing near eating grass and looking at me with a quiet twinkle in his eye, adding insult to injury."

THE LITTLE JOKER.—In the good old times in Kentucky, when "substantial justice" was administered in a log-cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys of which it was alleged plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as "thimble-rigging." In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an "expert," undertook to enlighten the Court as to the *modus operandi* of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and the "little joker," and proceeded, suiting the action to the word:

"Then, may it please the Court, the defendant placing the cups on his knee *thus*, began shifting them so, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which cup was the 'little joker'—meaning thereby, may it please the Court, this ball—with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup so, your Honor supposes that you see the ball."

"*Suppose* I see!" interrupted the Judge, who had closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball as one of the cups was accidentally raised, "Why, any decent fool can see where it is, and bet on it, and be sure to win. There ain't no defraudin' thar."

"Perhaps your Honor would like to go a V on it," insinuated the counsel.

"Go a V! Yes, and double it, too, and here's the rhino. It's under the middle cup."

"I'll go a V on that," said the Foreman of the Jury. "And I, and I," joined in the jurors one after the other, until each one had invested his pile.

"Up!" said his Honor.

"Up" it was, but the "little joker" had mysteriously disappeared. Judge and jury were enlightened, and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, on the ground that it was the "deucedest kind o' defraudin'." His Honor adjourned the Court, and "stood for drinks all round," in consideration of being "let off" from his wager.

FULL PARTICULARS.—A good story is told of an old lady who had received a letter from her son, a sailor on board a merchantman, which ran thus:

"Have been driven into the Bay of Fundy by a pampoose right in the teeth. It blowed great guns, and carried away the bowsprit; a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and companion; the captain lost his quadrant, and couldn't take any observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived at Halifax."

The old woman, who could not read *herself*, got a neighbor to repeat it to her three or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart. She then sallied out to tell the story:

"Oh, my poor son!"

"Why, what's the matter, mother? I hope no mischief."

"Oh, thank God, he's safe! But he has been driven into the Bay of Firmament by a tamboorie right in the teeth. It blowed great guns, and they carried away the pulpit; a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle; the captain lost his conjuration, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days; at last they arrived safe at Hallelujah."

"La, bless us! what a wonder they wasn't beat to atoms. Well, I wouldn't be a sailor."

☞ An English gentleman dining in Paris, at the *table d'hote* (public table at the hotel), wishing for some potatoes to eat with his meat, as he had been accustomed to do at home, called to the servant—

"*Garcon, des pommes de terre, s'il vous plait*" (waiter, some potatoes, if you please).

The dish of potatoes was accordingly brought to him, and taken away when he had helped himself. The same request was repeated to the servant as each successive course of meats was served, until the waiter, having become familiar with the order, brought the potatoes without further request; and thinking that if the gentleman wished potatoes with one dish, he would like them with all, continued to bring them to him through the whole dinner, dessert and all, much to the gentleman's annoyance, and the amusement of all who saw it.

STEERING BY STARLIGHT.—A story is told of a "green hand" on board a coasting vessel, who couldn't learn to steer by the mariner's compass. It was a clear, starlight night, and the captain told him to head the vessel towards a "bright, particular star," which he pointed out. This was done, and for a short time all was right; but before long, she was veering widely from her true course, and rushing rapidly before the wind.

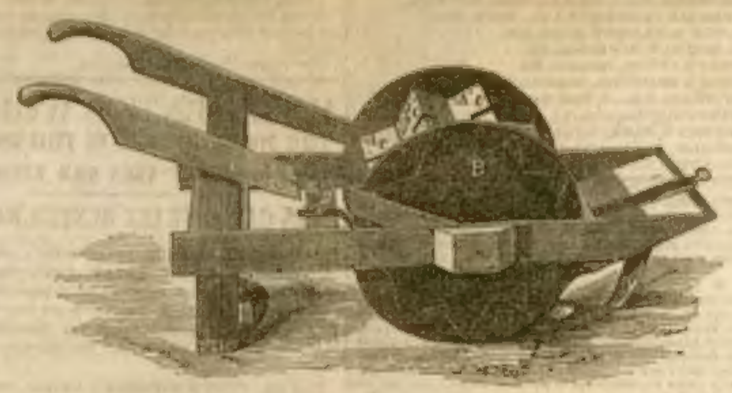
"Ahoi! there, greenhorn, at the wheel!" roared the excited commander. "Port your helm! What do you mean? Where's the star?"

"Dear captain," timidly replied the devious helmsman, "I keep cool—don't get excited—never mind—I lost that star, but found another, brighter and better than the one you showed me!"

HOW TO BE TREATED WITH.—During a recent representation of King Lear at one of our metropolitan theatres, an old gentleman from the country, who was visibly affected by the pathos of some of the scenes, electrified the house by roaring out, "Mr. Manager! Sir! Alter the play!—alter the play, sir, to a comedy, upon your peril! I didn't pay my money to be made wretched in this way! Give us something funny, on your peril, sir!"

YOUR CHANCE.—The late Dr. Knox, of Larpent, while entertaining, one day, a few of his clerical friends to dinner, happening, rather unceremoniously, to help himself to some vegetables upon the table by using his fingers, was told by one of his brethren that he reminded him of Nebuchadnezzar; when the Doctor immediately replied, "Oh, yes, that was when he was eating with the beasts."

OLD MEMORIES.—Last evening, as we were walking leisurely along, the music of the choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new tunes but one; and that one, it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long buried memories that rose to us even as they were *before* the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it. It was the sweet old *Corinth* they were singing—a tune we have seldom heard since the rose-color of life was blanched; and we were in a moment back again to the old village-church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon, who sat in the pulpit, was turned to gold in its light; and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded "supplication," and "exhortation," and the choir was singing the last hymn, and the tune was *Corinth*. It is years, we dare not think how many, since then, and the prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended, and the choir are scattered and gone—the girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air; the eyes of the one were like a clear June heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say they are not *singing Corinth* still, where Sabbaths never wane and congregations never break up! There they eat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column on the right of the "leader," and to our young ears their tones were the "very soul of music." That column bears still their penciled names, as they wrote them in those days in life, June, 183-, before dreams of change had overborne their spirits like a summer-cloud. Alas! that with the old singers, most of the sweetest tones had died upon the air; but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet presence of song that shall take place by and by, in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery, and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto, and she that sang air will be in their places once more.—*Boston Intelligencer.*



IMPROVED COTTON SEED PLANTER.

Our engraving represents an improvement in machines for planting cotton and other seeds, invented by Mr. J. A. Stewart, of Mitchellsville, Tenn., and patented July 1, 1856. It consists of a hollow drum, A, made in zig-zag form and placed between a pair of wheels, B B. The drum revolves with the wheels. The seed to be planted is contained within the drum. The apex of each corrugation is slotted, as at C, and the grain falls through these slots, into the furrow. D is a clearing rod, attached to the cross bar, E. Rod D projects forward into the slots, C, and keeps them clear from all obstructions that might prevent the proper discharge of the seed.

The furrow is opened by means of an opening knife, F, and a shovel share, G, attached to the front end of the machine. A covering board, H, extends across between the legs of the machine; I I are adjustable harrow teeth, attached to the covering board, H. These teeth serve a useful purpose in assisting to stir the ground and cover the seed. The seed is introduced at J, one of the flat boards of the corrugated drum being hinged for that purpose.

This machine is very simple in construction. There is an entire absence of moving valves and levers. We have described it as applicable to planting cotton seeds, but it may be used with equal success as a corn planter, the only change necessary being the attachment of slides, so as to diminish the size of slots C.

We are informed that the invention has been thoroughly tried, and found to operate with entire success, both on even and rough ground. It distributes cotton seed with certainty and regularity, the quantity sown being varied at will, by altering the position of the clearing rod, D, setting it further in or out. It works equally well in windy or calm weather, on dry or moist soil. It deposits and covers the seed at a uniform depth, thus insuring an even growth and ease of cultivation. We are informed that one hand and a mule will do the work of five hands and three mules, laboring in the ordinary way, as the machine is, in a measure, a substitute for the harrow. Cost of construction quite small. Address the patentee, as above, for further information.

Agricultural.

SYSTEM IN FARMING.

Success in farming, as in every other operation, is a consequence of order, system, and thoroughness. The following extract from an address before the Oakland (Mich.) County Agricultural Society, by Hon. J. B. Hunt, pictures to the life, the practice of the Make-do family, who undertake farming. It also gives at a glance, the requisites to success:

"There is no great branch of business carried on at the present day, which is managed with as little system as farming. On looking over the whole country, how few you find who conduct the whole operation right. We are happy to say that we can find many successful farmers among them, but they fall infinitely short of what they should be. The whole business appears to be carried on without any certainty; not one farmer in ten knows the exact quantity of land he has in each field on the farm, and when he has sown his seed, he is not certain whether he has put on a bushel or a bushel and a half to the acre of wheat—whether he has put on six or ten quarts of grass seed to the acre: and when the grain is cut he cannot tell how many bushels he has grown to the acre; it is guess work all around.

"Another great defect is, we undertake the cultivation of too much land each season—we have not sufficient force to carry it out—we are compelled to hurry the work—leave one thing unfinished to commence another which is in a more suffering condition; and in this way the whole is slighted and run over. We undertake to put in a large crop of wheat, and for that purpose the team is divided, if more than one, and if there is but one team, the ploughing is done as shallow as possible, to hasten the process, instead of taking time and ploughing deep. We put in a large crop of corn when we have not manure for more than half of it, and not half hands enough to give it a thorough hoeing. Large meadows and little grass, because the ground has been worn out in raising wheat years before. The fences are allowed to rot down, because there is such a long string of it. The bushes grow up over the fences, because there is so much other work to be attended to, and so the bushes are put off to a more convenient season; all goes on in this slovenly manner. We have a class of men who call themselves farmers, who make the street their cow-yard in the summer, and frequently through the year; while the hog-pen is made to grace the door-yard. With such men, manure has no value, deep ploughing is all folly, and ditching does not pay.

"We would not, if we were capable of doing so, give a system of farming on an occasion like this; but there are certain leading features, to which the attention of every farmer should be called, although they are perfectly well known to every man who has ever worked on a farm, and almost as universally neglected as they are known; and yet they are the foundation of his success. In the first place, the land must be kept clear from surplus water, if he is desirous of raising anything but wild and miserable grass. It must be made rich, or it will grow nothing of any value, and when it is thus made dry and rich, if it is allowed to be overgrown by weeds, the grain is deprived of all sustenance.

"These three things are absolutely and essentially necessary, and yet some one or two of them are constantly neglected, on almost every farm in the country. If the ground is not kept clear of the surplus water, its value is gone. If it is not well manured, the grain or grass will not grow, for they require food as well as your horses and cattle. If when this food is furnished by the proper kind of manure, what avails it if you allow the weeds to get in, and eat it up from your plants. But if these three prerequisites are faithfully attended to, then with a proper rotation of crops, deep ploughing and clean seed, sown in due season, with God's blessing on your labors, you will have a full and abundant crop. If you fail in either of these, although the bow of the covenant may still span the Heavens to show that the seed time and the harvest are still allotted to us by our Heavenly Father, to you the harvest will come in vain, or be shorn of its richest blessings."

RECLAMATION OF WASTE LANDS.—A writer in the London Gardener's Chronicle gives the following account of the method pursued in reclaiming waste lands:—The first step was to make the ground quite dry by stone drains. The next operation, either by trenching, ploughing and a subsoil plough following in same furrow, do as is completely stir and mix the soil 15 inches deep, and thus break the hard crust or pan; then the fields went through a course of cropping, that is, one or two crops of oats and turnips, the last well limed, say 4 load per acre at a cost of 30s. per ton; then a good dressing of cattle dung, made under cover, scarcely any artificial dressing applied; from 25 to upwards of 34 tons of Swedes per statute acre were the publicly attested yield, prizes having been awarded right and left by different local clubs. Afterwards with great care in obtaining perfectly clean ground and a fine tilth, about 25s. to 30s. worth of grass seeds per acre, sown mostly without a grain crop, and times of seeding, May to August; the ground rolled before and after sowing with a light stone roller. In November a very heavy stone roller drawn over all the pastures, and this repeated about the middle of March, if weather is moderately moist—if not wait until it is. I let my improved grass fields last from 13th of May to November 1, when, according to my custom, they will remain idle to next May. The harvester fixed the rent, the occupiers seem highly pleased with the condition of the stock, the grass being abundant.

EFFECTS OF CLOVER HAY ON ANIMALS.—Some late writers have taken the position that clover hay produces a most injurious effect on domestic animals, particularly horses; and that to this cause the great increase of diseased horses is to be attributed. We lately heard a farmer affirm, that he believed the introduction of clover into general cultivation the greatest curse yet inflicted on the country, and assigned as a reason for this singular opinion its effects on animals when used as fodder. Late English writers have attributed to this kind of hay the prevalence of heaves in horses, and the great increase of other diseases that affect the respiratory organs. This is a most important subject, and should receive a full investigation. Clover is too important a plant to be discarded, or condemned, except upon the most satisfactory evidence. Its value as a fertilizer and a preparative for wheat, to say nothing of its use for pasture or hay, would demand that it should not be condemned unheard. For ourselves, we have very little belief in the injurious properties assigned to clover. We have used it constantly for pasture and for hay, more than thirty years, and never to our knowledge has any animal suffered from it; certainly, no horse has been taken with the heaves when fed on it, or while in our possession. As hay for sheep, we have considered it unrivalled, and should have no fears that any stock would not winter well with a supply of well-cured clover hay.

And here lies, we think, the great source of objection to clover hay. It is too often imperfectly cured. To save the leaves and the heads, which are apt to fall in handling or curing, the hay is put into the barn while the large stems are full of moisture, or the natural juices, and the fermentation which ensues causes the whole mass to become damp; and if not spoiled wholly, it becomes mouldy, black, and when used, raises such a dust, it is no wonder that horses and cattle are choked or their lungs destroyed. Our experience shows that clover may be perfectly cured without losing any of its valuable parts; cured so that when fed out, no more dust will be flying than from timothy or herd grass, and we shall be slow to believe that from such hay any injury to animals ever ensues.—*Ohio Valley Farmer.*

BLOOD MANURE.—Chemists and farmers, I believe concur in understanding by this name a manure composed chiefly or entirely of dried blood, and it bears the highest price of any manufactured manure. It is right, therefore, that it should be known that a manure is sold under that name, which is no more than a superphosphate of rather low quality, and contains an extremely small quantity of ammonia. Its analysis gave—

Water	14.25
Organic matter	12.50
Soluble phosphates	10.38
Insoluble phosphates	16.37
Sulphate of lime	35.41
Sulphuric acid	7.87
Alkaline salts	0.49
Sand	4.00
	100.00
Ammonia	0.20

If this substance had been sold as a superphosphate, it would have been correctly named; to call it a blood manure is to mislead the purchaser, and either to induce him to pay a higher price than the actual value of the substance justifies, or to buy a manure which may not be suited to the crop to which he applies it.—*Prof. Anderson, in the Journal of Agriculture.*

LABELS FOR FRUIT TREES.—The labels which come from the nursery on trees, are not designed to be permanent, and they should be replaced with permanent ones at the first leisure after planting. Be particular that the wire by which the label is attached is not round the body of the young tree, otherwise it will, as the tree grows, be buried in it and materially injure the tree. The very best label we have ever used is a strip of thin sheet zinc, about four inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide at one end, cut so as to taper to a point at the other end; which, after writing the name of the tree, the date when set out, and where obtained, can be bent round one of the small branches, with the writing outside, and as the branch grows it will expand without injuring it.

The ink for writing on these labels is made thus: Take of verdigris and sal ammoniac, each 3 drachms; camphiack, 1 drachm; water, 4 ounces, to be well mixed in a mortar, adding the water gradually. It must be kept in a glass stopped vial. Write on the zinc with the ink, after shaking it well, in a quill pen; and after it is dry you may expose it to the weather or bury it in the ground for years, and it will be as legible as when first written.—*Louisville Journal.*

A PRETTY PROCESS.—Among the machines lately on exhibition at the agricultural exposition in Paris, was one for hulling wheat. It is said that by the methods now in use the bran, when it is separated from the wheat, carries away with it at least twenty per cent. of nutritive matter. The new process reduces this amount to four per cent. The hulled grains of wheat, seen through a microscope, present a perfectly smooth and polished appearance, something like that of potatoes when the skin has been removed by washing. The bran itself is but a pellicle, of which excellent paper is now made. The inventor of the machine, M. Besnire de la Pontonnaie, affirms that if this process had been applied to the grain consumed in France the past year, the crops, instead of presenting a deficit of seven million hectolitres, would have shown a surplus of three million hectolitres. (The hectolitre is a fraction over 2½ bushels.) The cost of hulling a hectolitre of wheat by the new process is about four cents.

PECULIARITIES OF THE SWEET POTATO.—In its raw state this vegetable has a slightly acrid taste; on boiling it becomes sweet. In its sound state it is almost without odor; when it is worm-eaten it acquires a perfume very like that of the hair-powder formerly in fashion called "The Marshal's," or that of the Vanilla Bean. The water in which it has been boiled has the taste of a weak animal broth. Besides starch, its principal ingredient, it contains a certain quantity of matter resembling gluten. When the Potato is cut, this matter exudes in a liquid milky state, viscid at first, diffusible through water, but soon becoming solid on exposure to the air. Under the microscope, when suspended in water, it appears in the form of granules of about 1-20,000 of an inch in diameter, which were rendered brown by tincture of iodine. Probably this matter is concerned in the production of the changes to which the Sweet Potato is subject, as well as conducing to its highly nutritious quality as an article of diet.—*Dr. Dary, in the Edin. New Philosophical Journal.*

SHERIDAN IN SCOTLAND.—I was much amused to hear of a narrow escape made by Sheridan when he was deer shooting once in the north; but his ingenuity was equal to every emergency, and delivered him on the occasion. The Duke of Athol having furnished him with an escort of Highlanders, besides a luxurious and very substantial luncheon, he began the day's sport by sitting down to finish the wine and refreshments, during which the usual commencement of the campaign, his companions, after consulting aside for some time, came forward in a body, and sternly asked whether he were any relation to "that wicked fellow Sheridan of London, who had dared to abuse Lord Melville?" "What do you take me for?" answered Sheridan, with well feigned indignation. "Related to such a fellow as that! If I could only catch the rascal, I would hang him on the spot!" "So should we as soon as look at him!" replied the trusty escort, confidentially; and poor Sheridan, who frequently told the story afterwards, lost no time in making a pretext to hurry home!—*Anon.*

MODERN FRENCH HISTORY IN THE TELL.—I was much pleased altogether with the little I saw of Paris. One episode was rather amusing. I went with a friend to buy a pair of gloves; in paying for them, she wanted to change one of the new five-franc pieces which had been lately struck. It was not easy to find one; the shopkeeper emptied his till, and there tumbled out Kings of France and Kings of the French, Emperors, and Republics, a motley company. I could not help saying, after he had found the one wanted, with Louis Napoleon's head, "What next?" The man smiled, but said nothing.—*Isaacs; or, Smyrna and its British Hospital.*

BELLES AND DAHLIAS.—A modern writer, who evidently delights to study the most charming productions of nature, says:

"Dahlias are like the most beautiful women without intellectuality; they strike you with astonishment by their exterior splendor, but are miserably destitute of those properties which distinguish and render agreeable less imposing flowers. Had nature given the fragrance of the rose or lily to the dahlia, it would have been the most magnificent gem of the garden—but, wanting scent, it is like a fine woman without mind."

THE TRUE HUMILITY.—No humility is perfect and proportioned, but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal; *the humility that kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies.*—*Sermons by William Archer Butler.*

☞ One of the best rules in conversation is never to say anything which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there well be aught more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

Useful Receipts.

HOLES IN PIES.—Persons who are in the habit of making pies during the fruit season, should not make a hole in the top of their pies. By leaving the crust whole the juice is made to boil quicker, and thus the fruit is well done without the crust being burnt. The same result applies to meat pies.

BUCKSKINS AND GLOVES.—A good recipe for cleaning leathers and buckskin gloves. Take half a pound of prepared chalk; half a pound of prepared alum, three cakes of pipeclay, half an ounce of oxalic acid, half an ounce of isinglass, one ounce of pumicestone powdered, one tablespoonful of starch, six tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, two ounces of white soap. To be mixed in boiling water; the oxalic acid and prepared alum to be added last.

VENISON SOUP.—Cut all the meat off a forequarter and shoulder of venison; put it into a pot with two gallons of water, a large onion, a head of celery, and some salt. Simmer it very slowly for forty-eight hours. Break all the bones and put them in an earthen pot just covered with water; add a little salt, cloves, mace, and red pepper. Place the pot in the oven, set in a larger vessel of water, and let them stew as long as the soup. Strain the soup clear, and add the juice of the bones. Color the soup with a little flour and a lump of butter as large as a walnut browned in the frying-pan. Boil it up quickly, and throw in half a pint of port wine.

TO DARKEN LIGHT MAHOGANY.—In repairing old furniture, it frequently happens that we cannot match the old wood, therefore after the repairs are completed, to prevent the pieces introduced looking like patches, wash them with soap-lees, or dissolve quick-lime in water, and use in the same manner; but be careful not to let either be too strong, or it will make the wood too dark; it is best, therefore, to use it rather weak at first, and, if not dark enough, repeat the process till the wood is sufficiently darkened.

PERFUME FOR GLOVES.—Extract of ambergris, two minims; spirits of wine, one ounce. Rub the gloves inside with a piece of cotton impregnated with this perfume. Boots and shoes may be treated in the same manner.

TO PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES.—Take full-grown gooseberries before they are ripe, pick them, and put them into wide-mouthed bottles, cork them gently with new, soft corks, and put them in an oven, from which the bread has been drawn, let them stand till they have shrunk nearly a quarter; then take them out and beat the corks in tight, cut them off level with the bottle, and rosin them down close. Keep them in a dry place.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Take some bitter oranges, and double their weight in sugar; cut the rind of the fruit into quarters and peel it off, and if the marmalade be not wanted very thick, take off some of the spongy white skin inside the rind. Cut the chips as thin as possible, and about half an inch long, and divide the pulp into small bits, removing carefully the seeds, which may be steeped in part of the water that is to make the marmalade, and which must be in the proportion of one pound of fruit. Put the chips and pulp into a deep earthen dish, and pour the water boiling over them; let them remain for twelve or fourteen hours, and then turn the whole into the preserving pan, and boil it until the chips are perfectly tender. When they are so, add by degrees the sugar (which should be previously pounded,) and boil the marmalade until it jellies. The water in which the seeds have been steeped, and which must be taken from the quantity apportioned to the whole of the preserve, should be poured into a hair sieve, and the seeds well worked in it with the back of a spoon; a strong clear jelly will be obtained by these means, which must be washed off them by pouring their own liquor through the sieve in small portions over them. This must be added to the fruit when it is first set on.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 5, 13, 20, 22, 11, was a sea deity who had the power to calm the ocean and abate storms at pleasure.

My 2, 10, 7, 4, 16, 3, 18, 9, 19, 7, were three celebrated nymphs, who were appointed to guard the golden apples which Juno gave to Jupiter on the day of their nuptials.

My 3, 19, 3, 8, 22, 21, was one of the heroes who sprang from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus.

My 4, 8, 22, 7, 16, 3, 4, 15, 18, 14, was carried by Pluto into the infernal regions, of which she became queen.

My 6, 8, 18, 14, was the mother of a great number of gods and goddesses.

My 8, 2, 14, 1, 22, was the Muse who presided over lyric and amorous poetry.

My 7, 13, 3, 3, 23, 6, 7, were six nymphs celebrated for the melody of their voices.

My 8, 7, 13, 7, was one of the most celebrated of the Egyptian deities.

My 9, 18, 13, 23, 4, 16, 18, 14, was one of the fourteen nymphs who attended on Juno.

My 10, 19, 2, 8, 3, 21, 14, was a celebrated monster, the daughter of Oceanus.

My 11, 14, 15, 7, was a nymph in an island of the Red Sea, who, by her incantations, turned to fishes all who approached her residence.

My 12, 2, 14, 17, 8, 14, was the Muse who presided over festivals, and over pastoral and comic poetry.

My 13, 22, was a priestess to Juno, whom Jupiter turned into a calf.

My 14, 9, 22, 17, 13, 7, was the favorite of Venus, and was by her changed into a flower.

My 15, 14, 23, 19, 23, 22, 11, was destroyed by two enormous serpents while offering a sacrifice to Neptune.

My 16, 19, 7, 22, was a daughter of the Air and Tellus.

My 17, 14, 1, 22, 11, 14, was celebrated for the favors which she granted to Jupiter.

My 18, 15, 4, 6, 11, 22, 5, was one of the companions of Ulysses, who was changed into a hog by Circe.

My 19, 2, 14, 4, 22, 23, was a god who conducted the souls of the dead over the river Styx.

My 20, 6, 7, 13, 4, 2, 22, 13, 5, was one of the Furies, the minister of divine justice upon mankind.

My 22, 21, 17, 14, 7, was a king of Thessaly, who sustained Hercules in conquering the hydra.

My 23, 2, 21, 22, 11, was a celebrated giant sprung from Jupiter, Neptune and Mercury.

My 23, 3, 4, 5, 18, 15, 13, was the mother of Phryxus and Helle.

My whole is an event which always occasions great excitement.

J. O. COOPER.

Lexington, Ky.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 18, 9, 26, 12, is a lake in the United States.

My 22, 31, 7, 40, 33, is a range of mountains in South America.

My 5, 20, 16, 3, is a river in Italy.

My 27, 15, 3, 37, 34, is a river in France.

My 30, 15, 28, is a cape on the Atlantic coast of the United States.

My 23, 10, 41, 10, 45, 23, is an important city of France.

My 13, 44, 31, 3, 8, 37, 41, is a town in England.

My 25, 4, 12, 21, 13, 26, 16, 24, are islands near Scotland.

My 1, 17, 35, 31, 44, is a river of France.

My 9, 14, 18, 15, 28, 31, 7, is a gulf in Russia.

My 41, 36, 32, 42, 11, 18, 33, is a town in Mississippi.

My 43, 6, 38, 29, 3, 34, is a country in Europe.

My 5, 10, 39, 40, 16, 35, is a city in Greece.

My whole are two celebrated generals of antiquity; one for his great strength and military prowess; the other for his skill and agility.

WYANDOT.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 26, 18, 4, 30, was a celebrated Greek poet.

My 19, 3, 23, 4, was a distinguished Roman.

My 18, 27, 18, 10, 17, 12, 27, 31, was an Italian poet.

My 1, 27, 18, 23, 7, was a French divine.

My 24, 14, 10, 18, 21, 4, 8, was an English poet.

My 17, 20, 29, 10, 21, 3, 12, was an English reformer.

My 1, 4, 12, 2, 3, 8, 4, was an Italian poet.

My 16, 26, 4, 33, 10, 22, 2, 24, was a Spartan king.

My 19, 20, 8, 9, 2, 30, 13, was a French mathematician.

My 15, 29, 31, 25, was an American painter.

My 5, 8, 18, 6, was an English ecclesiastic.

My 28, 11, 20, 13, 4, was an ancient law-giver.

My whole was a Revolutionary Patriot.

CINHOS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Far o'er the sea was borne his mighty fame,
His wondrous talent was on every tongue;
Great Albion quailed in terror at his name,
And on his thundering accents breathless hung.

Poet, philosopher, and statesman, all,
So famous was my first,—his Christian name;
Kings, emperors, and princes wept his fall,
The universal world his wisdom claim.

In sunny France what mean those sobs of woe,
The quivering frame and pale cheeks blanched with fear?
My second bids them now in terror flee
Their native land, so sweet, so loved, so dear.

But turn we now to Italy's fair skies,
Where rolls my third throughout her classic dales;
Now roars to kiss the mountain with its spray,
Now stoops to sport amid her rosy vales.

Though but an unassuming measure small,
My fourth has place in science's broad niche,
To princes known—and courted, too, by all
The learned, the wise, the humble, poor and rich.

Murmuring its sweetly sounding praise to God.
My fifth flows gently o'er its pebbly bed,
Dancing in sparkling stream through vale and dell,
As if just bursting from its fountain-head.

Think of my whole's last fate, and ponder well
Before you curse the dawning theft and crime,
That he who listened to the tempter's voice
Died poor and friendless in a foreign clime.

Lexington, Ky. O. L. BRADLEY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is part of a wagon,
'Tis very useful I ween;
My next I would do (without braggin')
If I owned my face to be clean.
My whole is a well-known (carpenter's) tool,
But it's neither a saw, plane, hatchet or rule.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an adjective of the positive degree;
My second was a vessel of great celebrity;
In the United States my whole a city,
If you cannot guess this 'twould be a pity.

Millerstown, Pa. J. P. BOLTON.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The square root of the sum of three numbers is equal to the sum of their cube roots; the third divided by the sum of the first and second is equal to the square root of the sum of the first and second, and the sum of their cubes is equal to 20195. Required the numbers? MATHEMATICUS.

Red Brush Hill, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ WORKING IT BOTH WAYS.—What is the difference between a butcher and a gay young lady? Ans.—The former kills to dress, whilst the latter dresses to kill.

☞ BARBAROUS CRUELTY.—When is a man charged with a silver razor? Ans.—When he cuts off his beard with a shilling.

☞ ELECTRICAL CURIOSITY.—Why is a speculator's purse like a thunder cloud? Ans.—Because it is continually a light'ning.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—True cradled to earth shall rise again. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—James Robertson Arnold. CHARADE.—(Al-bat-ross.) Al from CHARADE.—Whip-poor-will. TRANSPOSITION.—Mosses. ANAGRAMS.—1. Adams. 2. Boston. 3. Indiana. 4. Philadelphia. 5. Delaware. 6. Trenton. 7. Monroe. 8. Hebron. 9. Lancaster. 10. St. Louis. 11. Washington. 12. New York. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—25 feet from the one and 24 feet from the other.

☞ In Paris the authorities regulate everything the way of buying and selling. Even the butchers are not allowed to use colored paper, lest the poison of the color should be absorbed.